

The **GRAPHIC**



LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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THE PASSING YEARS

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

Once when the glad Spring breathed her fragrant mists across the bleak, bare land,
And underneath the melting snows on sheltered slopes the green of new grass sprang;
Our hearts were thrilled with that blind ecstasy that only Youth may understand,
And all the world seemed tremulous with joy because in woodland deeps the robins sang.

And yet, this year, though Spring has touched with bud and bloom the dewy, upland glades,
Somehow, the grass seems not so green, nor skies so blue where fleecy clouds are ranged.
Though all the sweet sad magic of her touch is on the hills, somehow, the glamour fades—
And yet the old, sweet mystery of Spring is wrought again, my Heart; 'tis only we have changed.

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



WHY LITTLE THEATER VENTURE FAILS

VALE, Little Theater! This week sees the closing of the doors of the interesting experiment that was hailed with so much genuine delight by lovers of the best in modern drama in this region, when the opening curtain was rung up six weeks ago. Deep is the disappointment that the plan to give intellectual and uncommercial drama to the discriminating few has proved a failure and that the project has been so short lived. It recalls that pathetic epitaph on a child who died at the age of three weeks and was buried in Cheltenham churchyard:

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

We noted with many misgivings the decision of the management to place a uniform price of two dollars on each seat. The ones who should have proved regular patrons of the Little Theater and whose constant attendance meant so much to the success of the venture were estopped at the outset by the prohibitory impost. What might have been steady diet for them became a luxury, to be sampled only at rare intervals. That fine clientele contained in the National Drama League branch and numbering five or six hundred in Los Angeles and Pasadena was practically shut out by the excessive admission fee, whereas a charge of one dollar would have insured the backing of at least two-thirds the Drama League membership. It was a fatal blunder.

But, urged the management, we could not pay expenses at the lower figure. Then a second mistake is to be lodged against the responsible projectors in that the fixed charges were unwarrantably high. While commanding the laudable desire of the management to engage the ablest talent, if the payroll became topheavy by reason of the high-priced company brought together it was inevitable that disaster would overtake the venture, since it was hopelessly handicapped. Instead of half a dozen expensive actors and actresses eating up the income before it was earned a leading man and a leading woman of established reputation might well have sufficed. The remainder of the company could have been recruited from intelligent and promising amateurs who are interested in the artistic side of the drama, excellent material for which is to be found in Los Angeles by those who seek for it.

Little Theaters should not be expected to spring full-armed into popular favor. They must make their own atmosphere and attract their special patronage. Every place of amusement goes through this experience and finds its basic support in a loyal following that is ever to be depended upon. In time, and under the right conditions the Little Theater would have found this nucleus, but not at two dollars a seat. It

is true, in the closing fortnight, the price was reduced to one dollar, but so was the quality of play offered. In no sense did it belong in a Little Theater repertory and would not, in the nature of things, attract devotees of the thinking drama, of which the Drama League membership is mainly composed.

So, then, the Little Theater fails without having had a fair chance of proving itself deserving of surviving. It met a series of misfortunes, in part unforeseen and unpreventable, as, for instance, the unpropitious weather, and the poor acoustics of the auditorium the opening night. That opening night! The rains descended in torrents, the interior of the theater was almost as damp as the exterior in undried plaster and the spirits of everybody were at depressingly low ebb in sympathy. It seemed as if the Little Theater never recovered from the shock. The lower rooms, intended for tete-a-tetes and cosy teas, were smelly and uninventing and detracted from rather than added to the general ensemble. Ugh! They were of nightmarish environment. But on the ashes of the enterprise we look for a phoenix-like resurrection. There is a Little Theater constituency in this community that can and will support a modestly-equipped company engendering the true spirit and imbued with a genuine love for the best in drama, divorced from commercialism. Such a company can and will succeed.

NO DEBATING THE NATION'S HONOR

TENSE and to the point is President Wilson's brief but powerful message to congress urging repeal of the toll exemption clause in the Panama canal act. Without circumlocution, without unnecessary verbiage the executive goes straight to his mark. "No communication," he tells the legislative branch of the government, "that I have addressed to congress, has carried with it a more grave or far-reaching implication to the interests of the country," and he is right. It is a matter that vitally affects the honor of the nation and is pregnant with consequences in our dealings with foreign nations.

Shame on California that sends to the national capital a man like Knowland to decry the efforts of the President to uphold the sacredness of a treaty obligation and add his own to the Hearst diatribes. Contrast his petty partisanship with the lofty utterance of the President: "I come . . . to urge upon you the justice and wisdom of such a repeal with the utmost earnestness of which I am capable. In my own judgment, maturely formed after careful consideration, I believe that exemption constitutes a mistaken economic policy from every point of view, and is, moreover, in plain contravention of the treaty with Great Britain concerning the canal, concluded November 18, 1901."

This has been the viewpoint of many of us from that day in 1912 when the congress, yielding to the clamor of thoughtless opportunists, shut its eyes to consequences by ignoring the plain terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. How can the United States afford to debate a question affecting its word of honor? As the President significantly advises: "Everywhere else the language of the treaty is given but one interpretation, and that interpretation precludes the exemption I am asking you to repeal. We consented to the treaty; its language we accepted, if we did not originate it, and we are too big, too powerful and too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined reading the words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please."

Yet that is what the Knowlands and the O'Gormans, the Humphreys and their kind seek to do and by their attitude and specious language would lead

the nation into a pitfall. We have the opportunity, ergo, let us grasp it say the supporters of the Hearst sophistries. What a petty position to take! How bumptious and sordid! "The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do," says the President, "and that is a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood." The Knox view is to grab all we can and if no protest is made to hang on to our plunder. It suggests the self-communing of a sneak-thief who has made a getaway and is felicitating himself on his adventure. Others are willing to leave the question to a court of arbitration. Arbitrate one's honor? What a curious notion!

But the sturdy chief executive declares: "We ought to reverse our action without raising the question of whether we are right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for sincere generosity and redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation." It is peculiarly gratifying to find this point of view, which we have steadfastly maintained in these columns, so forcibly and earnestly argued by our chief magistrate. For many months we have occupied this ground and for a time there was little support to be noted among our contemporaries on the coast, which, alas, were swayed by the Knowland grab-all-we-can doctrine. But the sober, second thought has come to not a few and a change of heart is apparent. The President's declaration will help to give light to many more. He is imbued with lofty patriotism and a deep sense of responsibility to the nation.

FARIS AND "LAW OF LOVE" CLAPTRAP

MOLLYCODDLES are again active in behalf of our ever increasing list of honorable murderers and a governor whose past record indicates a tendency to interfere with the law, now that he is a candidate for reelection, may be expected to give heed to the appeals of the sentimentalists. So far as the widow of Ralph Faris' victim is concerned her picturesque declaration of forgiveness for the brutal train robber who ended her husband's life so wantonly should cut no ice with the executive. Because she believes in the "law of love" and deprecates what she is pleased to term the Mosaic law should weigh nothing in the administration of justice. The outrage on society and the protection due to the social order are the paramount things to consider, superseding any personal crotchetts of a more or less rhapsodic woman.

With train robberies altogether too prevalent and human life in constant peril at the hands of reckless fellows of the Faris type it requires only the irrational leniency of a political governor to encourage still further capital crime. Doubtless, the youthful murderer, Bundy, was influenced to the killing of the poor lad Zeische by the thought that he was safe from the law's extreme penalty. What had happened to Figueroa was not unknown to him and the same misdirected energies that were moved to interfere in behalf of the vicious wife murderer could be counted on to conspire in his favor. He may not have argued this out in detail, but the germs of such reasoning infested his brain and subtilely assisted in the consummation of his crime. Sure enough, the "law of love" devotees are at work to save his precious neck and their kind is equally active for Faris.

Were there the ghost of a good reason why Faris' forfeited life should be spared we would join the pleaders in hectoring the governor, but contemplation of his cold-blooded, unnecessary crime debars interference. He killed wantonly and with cruel bravado. When Mrs. Montague appeals for leniency "in the name of humanity" she flouts humanity. The

law of self-preservation demands that an example be made of Faris to the end that other like-minded criminals of his stamp may be deterred from using their deadly weapons with impunity when the mood is on them to kill. So long as his type feels that adequate punishment will not be meted there will be no hesitation to pull the trigger that speeds the fatal bullet. Every time a murderer of the Faris stamp receives clemency a new crop of homicides is nourished. It is inevitable.

Because the governor, in the past, has listened to the sentimental appeals of his political backers and nurtured crime by mollycoddling criminals we have contended he was unfit to be intrusted with the pardoning power. He has made of it a bludgeon to menace the social order, by inciting to further wrongdoing, and the people should resent this proneness to override the decisions of judges and juries by refusing to indorse his present candidacy. California, with her all too many scheduled capital crimes, cannot afford to re-seat a governor who is inclined to place himself above the law at the behest of warped individuals who have newspaper influence. It is a dangerous game they are playing and society is inviting added evils when it indorses their position. Faris and his class are social pariahs whose elimination is imperative if the constantly increasing list of murders in the state is to be in anywise curtailed.

BRISTOW REBUKED BY LODGE

C RITICS of the administration profess to believe that Senator Bristow scored a strong point against President Wilson when he accused him of inconsistency in holding the Democratic platform as his gospel on the woman suffrage question, but disregarding it on the Panama tolls controversy. The insinuation of the Kansan that "The greed of the railroads and the audacious claims of Great Britain seem far more potent with our chief executive than appeals of women," to the credit of the country finds little or no echo in the hearts of fair-minded Americans. Bristow's contemptible slur reacts on himself and should defeat him for reelection.

But is Mr. Wilson inconsistent, as charged? We fail to see it. If the platform transcends our international obligations, by negativating a treaty, then it is unworthy of acceptance and the President is the last person who should set such *ipse dixit* above the paramount law of the country. Unquestionably, Mr. Wilson believes the exemption clause in the Panama canal act impugns the honor of the nation. By it and through it the United States has earned the distrust of other powers and has jeopardized the friendship and respect of the leading nations of the world. It is his duty to recover his lost prestige and in disregarding the unwise plank in the party platform, which is foreign to all Democratic doctrine, the President has again shown what measure of man he is—earnest, honest, farsighted, sagacious and patriotic in the largest sense of the word.

Never has Senator Henry Cabot Lodge appeared to better advantage in the eyes of his countrymen than when in dignified language he rebuked Mr. Bristow for his imputations on the President and gave approval to the executive's stand. Mr. Lodge, as everybody knows, is a pretty rigid Republican and strict party man. Said he:

I differ as widely as possible from the President of the United States on general political principles, but on the question of foreign relations, speaking, as I have already said, merely as an American citizen, I wanted to make my protest against an injustice being done, as I think has been done this morning, to the purposes and motives of the President of the United States. When he is dealing with foreign relations, in some respects of a most perilous and difficult character, if he says, on his high responsibility, to the congress of the United States that a certain step in foreign relations is necessary to the good name and possibly to the security of the United States, that it is necessary in order to save the United States perhaps from a situation where serious loss or serious injury might be incurred—if he says all this on his high responsibility, I think it becomes the duty of all men who look upon foreign relations as I do not to try to block his path, but to give him such aid and assistance in our humble way as we are conscientiously able to give.

Contrast this lofty spirit with the petty conduct of Senator Bristow who as a candidate for reelection is

found baiting a Democratic President in order to gain a fancied advantage in his home state among political partisans. We cannot think so meanly of Kansas Republicans as to believe they will be influenced in favor of Fristow by his animadversions on the occupant of the White House; rather should his attitude lose him the respect and confidence of many former followers, for he has shown himself possessed of a narrowed vision incompatible with the viewpoint of a man capable of serving his constituents to advantage in the United States senate.

MEYER LISSNER'S NAIVE REVELATION

A T LAST the real reason for the enactment of the anti-alien land law as an administration measure is disclosed. On the high authority of Mr. Meyer Lissner, one of the governor's staunchest supporters, the truth is revealed. It was not because California specially demanded it. O, no. Mr. Lissner tips off the inside motive in his personal weekly organ, the Outlook: "If it did nothing else but show Japan that Uncle Sam could not be bluffed, California, through Governor Johnson, has performed a function that properly devolved on the administration in Washington."

Ai-ee! It was to teach the President of the United States how to do it, that the governor jammed the bill through! All is now explained. Anxious to show the country what a great statesman it had lost when the candidate for vice-president on the Progressive ticket was rejected he ordered his henchmen in the legislature to put through a bill which Chester Rowell says the governor asked him to help draw up; the Heney-Webb measure, however, was substituted for it, but it was the governor who instigated the legislation and all to give an object lesson to the President of the United States! Johnson "performed a function that properly devolved on the administration in Washington," naively admits Mr. Lissner.

There are those who think differently, who are convinced that the governor seriously embarrassed the national administration by interfering with the foreign relations, which is no concern of a state, and all who so think are justified in condemning the anti-alien land law as "a narrow, vicious and unwise measure" that is a discredit to the state and should be repealed. Mr. Lissner gives the governor full credit for the passage of the suffrage resolution proposing the constitutional amendment. We affirmed that to the Republican legislature should the credit be given, but if, as Mr. Lissner declares, the governor helped it through all the more reason to wonder at his apathetic conduct toward suffrage when he was campaigning. On this phase of the subject Mr. Lissner sheds no light. However, he has accomplished enough by his ingenuous explanation of the real reason for the passage of the anti-alien land bill. It was to teach the President his duty!

INACCURACIES IN INCOME TAX RETURNS

I NTERNAL revenue collectors' offices in the large centers appear to have been fairly swamped with income tax returns from early Monday until midnight. The registered mail was so heavy in New York and Chicago that no attempt was made to tabulate the returns. All the clerical force could do was to stack up the letters and stow them away until the pressure abates. For ten days prior to March 2 the influx was so heavy that a list was impossible; it will take several weeks for the various collectors to inspect the contents of letters with a view to tabulation and correction of errors. The original papers all go forward to Washington there to be reinspected by the commissioner of internal revenue and his assistants.

Bills will reach the taxpayers along about June 1 which will allow thirty days grace to make cash returns or file contest. In case of over-assessment the local collector may be sought and failing him appeal may be taken to the commissioner at Washington, whose determination is final unless resort is had to the courts. It is estimated that the returns from California will be well over one per cent or one man in 100 with taxable income, a ratio that is about as

large as New York. There is no concerted effort noted in any city of the country to oppose the tax which will yield close to one hundred millions of dollars.

Returns in Chicago indicate about 6000 bachelors and widowers having incomes in excess of \$3000, but Uncle Sam will not divulge their names and addresses; he considers he has shown his regard for the fair sex by decreeing that when a man marries his exemption shall be raised from \$3000 to \$4000. About three thousand maids and widows in Chicago have shown by their schedules that they are amenable to the tax, but their identity is likewise kept an office secret. It is estimated that 25 per cent of all returns filed are inaccurate and will have to be resubmitted. But in another year the country will have studied its mistakes and rectified them. The richest seem to be most deficient in rudimentary arithmetic.

TELLER-PETTIGREW WALKOUT RECALLED

WHEN the late Henry M. Teller, for thirty years a United States senator from Colorado, walked out of the Republican national convention at St. Louis, in the memorable division over the silver issue in 1896, with him went former United States Senator Richard F. Pettigrew of South Dakota, who until that time had been a Republican stalwart. Both supported William Jennings Bryan for the presidency. Teller was returned to the United States senate in 1903 as a Democrat, but South Dakota refused to heap further honors on Pettigrew.

To add to the latter's political discomfiture he joined the Hearst wing of the Democratic party and perambulated the country in the interests of Champ Clark, in his partisan zeal going so far as to sneer at and belittle the candidacy of Woodrow Wilson. Of course, that put a quietus on Pettigrew politically, in and out of his state, so that since he came to the coast preaching the Clark doctrine and echoing the Hearst sentiments nothing has been heard from him. Yet Pettigrew has an interesting personality and many a picturesque story could be told of his early life in the territory of Dakota which the "tall picket of the Sioux" invaded in the late 60's as a government surveyor.

He was for years the political chief of that part of the territory lying south of the forty-sixth parallel, now forming the state of South Dakota, and when the division of the territory gave the nation two new states Pettigrew shared honors with the late Judge Moody of the Black Hills, father of Mr. Burdett Moody of Pasadena, in representing South Dakota in the upper house of congress. He drew the long term and was reelected later, but Judge Moody was tricked out of renomination and, his health failing, he came to Southern California, where he died five or six years ago. Pettigrew is now in his sixty-sixth year. He has had as many ups and downs in his commercial career as he has experienced politically, but a lucky investment in mining in Arizona of recent years has proved so remunerative that his financial worries are slight, but, politically, he is as dead, sentimentally, as his former associate Teller is dead actually.

WHY NEEDHAM'S TYPE IS OPPOSED

BECAUSE the heavy Republican registration convinced us that fusion with the Democrats, which we had previously advocated, was not likely to be considered we discontinued our suggestions and urged instead that the Republicans concentrate on a gubernatorial candidate in nowise affiliated with the old regime in state politics, to the end that progressive Republicans might be found cohering in the support of his candidacy. That is why we advise the nomination of a Republican of Dr. Norman Bridge's type—cultured, a thorough student of the times, broad-visioned and of executive ability. Surely, our esteemed contemporary, the San Diego Union, sees nothing erratic or inconsistent in this course.

It is true we oppose Mr. Needham's nomination and for the same reason that we advocate Dr. Bridge as a fitter candidate. Needham is part of the old organization and will be regarded with suspicion by that faction of the Republican party inimical to the

discredited regime; to name the former Sixth district congressman will be to alienate many progressive Republicans ready to support any capable party man in whom they have confidence and who is in no-wise affiliated with the "old guard." While it is true he was not repudiated in 1910, having escaped defeat by 1300 votes, two years later the impetus that overthrew the majority in the house in 1910 overtook him—he was refused support by the progressive element in his district just as he would be denied that aid were he to head the Republican state ticket this year. Who shall say that his efforts to defeat tariff revision did not conduce to his rejection?

It is not that we entertain personal animus for Needham; far from it. We esteem him highly, but believe it to be a political mistake to get behind him at this time, in the same way that we deplored the wasted efforts to elect Taft, whose support our San Diego contemporary must recall with sadness. We are not ready to concede that a fusion ticket is unwise; we still think it is the only certain method of getting a change in the state administration, but we forbear to tilt at windmills. The large Republican registration encourages the leaders, but we doubt if, in inverse ratio, it discourages either the Democrats or the Progressives. A divided vote is certain and if the Democrats name a strong man they have a fair show of winning; in the event of a standpat nominee by the Republicans and a Democrat of mediocre ability and limited acquaintance Governor Johnson will succeed himself.

WHEN TWO INSPIRATIONAL SOULS BLEND

POETS are privileged persons and if George Sterling has arranged to marry a San Francisco stenographer as soon as the law releases her from the time limit stipulated in her interlocutory decree who shall carp at his choice? For his *inamorata* is also his poetical inspiration, he avers, hence she becomes a double object of interest to the country since she is, in a measure, a public benefactor. But for her incitation the Sterling pegasus might sulk in its stall, the muse remain dumb, the Pierian spring go dry. Equally stimulating is the poet's influence on the young woman, who aspires to be a professional dancer, and is moved to her best work when George focuses his soulful orbs on her throbbing figure. Thus is the spirit of reciprocity evidenced and the community benefited.

We learn with a peculiar thrill that the poet's dulcinea believes herself to be the reincarnation of a giant of the desert, of ages agone. It is a far cry, for the gallant dispatches refer to her as a most comely young woman, yet would we not interpose a scintilla of doubt regarding her earlier appearance on earth. We could wish that the information were given in more detail, but, perhaps, Mr. Sterling advises secrecy until he can put into Pindaric poetry his version of his inspiration's former existence. It may be that the prone petrified logs in the petrified forest of Arizona were felled by Mr. Sterling's love what time she occupied the earthly tenement of the desert male Cyclops in the Devonian age, when the *dinornis* roamed the sand-swept plains and reached its long neck up to the mesas for sustenance.

What if she and Ella Wheeler Wilcox were once chums in that delightfully vague, mythical past! We have forgotten what Ella's early incarnation was, but we fancy it was as the queen of Sheba she was wont to inspire the other sex. In her peregrinations elsewhere than to Jerusalem may she not have crossed over what are now Bering's straits and so come down into the desert giant's territory? She who is said to have enraptured the poet Solomon could also have stirred the pulses of a Southwest American who, at a later date, is found giving mental sustenance to another poet, three thousand years after the songs of Solomon were written. We shall watch with unabated interest for the announcement of the union of these two moderns with mutual inspirational thoughts and beg to extend to them our sincerest felicitations. We shall look for poetry that is genuinely sterling when the flow of soul is a *fait accompli* and as to her

dancing, what marvels of graceful posturing may we not expect when the stimulus she cites is in full working order.

BLOODGOOD'S MINSTRELSY UPHELD

CARPING criticism of Poet Bloodgood's lays is resented by California's Ancient Order of Associated Lyrists. Because Assemblyman Bloodgood, for his devotion to the Progressive cause, was awarded a snug berth on one of the governor's new commissions, at \$4000 a year, envious tongues have clattered in his detraction. But little will a Bloodgood reck so long as his salary remains unimpaired and unimpeded. We recall the bugle notes sounded by the gentleman from the Inglewood district when he was conducting his campaign. How he made the *welkin* ring at Sawtelle what time he was wooing the old soldier vote! How he wrapped the starry banner about his patriotic figure! No impassioned orator in or out of congress has anything on Bloodgood. He can reach the empyrean at one bound and scale Olympus in the batting of an eyelid. True, it is largely "bunk" that he asseverates, but think how alliterative! Buncombe and Bloodgood!

What if he did yield of his muse to the school booklet on Arbor Day, issued by Superintendent of Public Instruction Hyatt. May not a \$4000-a-year statesman throw in a little extra support to the cause if he is so minded? Whether it was the music he contributed to the song of "Bob White," or the words, is not clear. Mr. Hyatt in a footnote tells that Freeman Hippolytus Bloodgood wrote "the song," but as George Cooper's name also appears as joint author we are in doubt as to apportionment. We prefer to believe that it is as a poet Bloodgood glistens. Those red corpuscles of his surely are attuned to lyrical lilt rather than to harmonic compositions.

Because the poet's wife also adds her mite to the Arbor Day pamphlet when she proves that she is a diligent reader of Uncle Sam's agricultural annual, shall it be said that the Bloodgoods monopolize the attention? Perish the thought! Instead of revealing a waspish disposition readers of Mr. Hyatt's booklet should hail with delight the discovery of literary geniuses in the Sixty-second assembly district, which lies between the Soldiers' Home on the north and Inglewood cemetery on the south. Come, chorus with us:

When Poet Bloodgood pipes his lays
Let true Progressives sound his praise;
What though he draws four thousand per,
Shall that within us envy stir?
Not so! Our Hiram sensed his worth
And plumped him in an unctuous berth.
Then shall his lyric notes be stilled
With children waiting to be thr'led?
Ten thousand of them voice a plea
For Bloodgood and his minstrels!

WOMEN'S COLLEGES UNDULY RASPED

RACE suicide, glumly observes a University of Pittsburg professor, is fostered by women's colleges and he thinks they ought to be abolished before they contribute further to the degeneracy of the race. He suggests that pending their translation into co-educational institutions the evil influence of the former might be mitigated by the substitution of male for female instructors. Prof. Roswell Johnson offers statistics proving that women's colleges discourage girls from marrying, but even if they do marry it is at a date five years later than non-college girls marry, ergo, their children are correspondingly fewer.

Possibly, this is a fearful condition to contemplate, but eugenically considered there may be a solacing thought in the belief that the fewer may prove the better-reared children. Because a girl marries at 24 rather than at 20, thus reducing her chances of rearing a large family by curtailing one-fifth the bearing period, is the country really suffering irremediable loss? Not more children but better born ones is the educated demand. At twenty-four a college girl is less likely to make a faux pas in her choice of a father for her children than is the less highly educated girl of nineteen or twenty. And even if more of her type elect to spinsterhood we fail to see any profound menace to the nation. The changed economic conditions impose on womanhood certain re-

sponsibilities that her sex of two generations back did not have to meet; if a college education better fits her to face her new destiny why carp at the process?

Woman must inevitably match her wits, her earning powers with those of man and she is entitled to as good an equipment in the economic battle thrust upon her. If she marries, well and good; if she remains single there are fewer mouths to feed, hence the law of compensation is fully observed. The curtailment in size of family is to be borne with philosophic composure; that also is evidence of a preservation of the laws of balance. For the young men who would assume matrimonial responsibilities at twenty-four there will still be found a plethora of girls of twenty in and out of college. Get thee to a nunnery, go, Professor Johnson.

LATEST NEWS OF MARS

WITH no slight interest we learn that Flagstaff observatory scientists have noted that a light spring frost has descended on Mars. If there is one thing more than another that commands our profoundest admiration it is the concentration of attention by Flagstaff savants on the neighboring planet which, at times, comes within thirty-six million miles of us. This comparative proximity—as contrasted with the planet Neptune which is a matter of 2,792,000,000 miles distant from the sun, so it is asserted—makes it a relatively easy matter to acquire first hand information about Mars. At least, so it appears after reading the reports of the Flagstaff optimists. We may be mistaken, but we have an idea that our observatory friends over in Arizona

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees not another Martial ditch unspun.

Breakfast at Flagstaff is a tame affair if no fresh revelations concerning Mars have been jotted down following sunup. After Professor Lowell has brushed his teeth and taken his cold bath he takes an observation, by way of an appetizer for his matutinal meal. If no new canal is in focus or if the customary ochre tinged area shows white spots, at once the amount of snowfall is estimated and the prudent astronomer gets out his overshoes and earmuffs, not to be caught napping. His latest notation is a light frost on Mars, a spring frost. Whether of the consistency of hoar frost or like to that impalpable blanket that rimes the earth in New England states in early October is not stated; your lofty specialist rarely condescends to details.

Still, it sounds neighborly. Our eastern friends have been bothered with a much more serious visitation which the dispatches have duly recorded, but we feel sure that no such suffering can have occurred on Mars with only a light spring frost to face. Thus are our spirits relieved through the medium of science, as demonstrated at Flagstaff. It is sad enough to contemplate the privations entailed by the Atlantic coast storms; if, on top of that had come the news of a blizzard on Mars our outlook would have been gloomy enough. As it is, with only a light spring frost reported there is almost a lilt in the heart and certainly a note of thankfulness that Professor Lowell is ever "on the job."

GRAPHITES

"Repeal the toll exemption clause" is Wilson's stern demand,
And millions of the common folk applaud his sturdy stand;
The country's honor is at stake; no welching on our word—
Let's show to foreign nations our perceptions are not blurred.

What a pitiful admission is that of the Los Angeles wood carver who engraved on an oak slab his name and the significant word "failure!" before committing suicide. At least, he succeeded in marking his own grave.

Dear, dear! A revolution threatened in Brazil and serious rioting at Rio Janeiro. We hope the colonel's recent visit is not regarded as the inciting cause.

On to Richmond! is the cry that startled Kelly's army into motion from Oakland. Sounds like an echo of the Civil War, doesn't it?

Hope Gleams Even While Crepe is Hanging---By Randolph Bartlett

WRITING last summer on the subject, "Commercialism, the Theater and the Printed Play," I made use of these words: "Without the vogue of the printed play of the last few years, there would never have been the movement which apparently is soon to be consummated in the establishment of such an institution (The Little Theater) in Los Angeles. . . . Thus, then, we have a complete chain of influence which is bound to have an important effect upon the theater—education of the public through the printed play, a select demand for dramatic performances such as are promised in the Little Theater, and, eventually, a cultivation of this demand until plays of the highest order will be practical business propositions for any playhouse."

This week there has arrived from the publishers the first two volumes in a series of modern plays put out under the auspices of the Drama League, and I find the following sentences at the beginning of the introduction by Frank Brown: "The officers and directors of the Drama League of America believe that the full purpose of their organization can be realized only when the general average of audiences in the American theater shall attain to a degree of intelligence in regard to the drama in some way comparable with that to be found in the theaters of Europe. They believe that one of the most important elements in the product of European audiences has been the opportunity given them, individually and continually, to study the drama in its printed form."

In the present dark hours, when we are all sitting in sackcloth and ashes, mourning the untimely demise—the obsequies, I believe, will be observed this evening—of the Little Theater, it is well to look upon this statement of a theory which so many have held, and see whether or not it is sound. On the surface there are good arguments against the tenability of the position. Here in Los Angeles there has been a greater consumption of volumes of modern plays than in any other city of its size probably in the world and greater than in most cities twice its size. The interest in the modern drama has been lively and continuous. Not only do the books sell by hundreds, but lectures by Richard Burton, Professor Clark and other notables so far fail to fill the demand for more light on the subject that local leaders in the study of modern plays have been in wide demand for lectures. These facts are well known, as are the activities of the amateur players from time to time. If there is anything in the belief that education will prepare the public for appreciation of these modern plays, it would appear as if Los Angeles should have stood the proof.

At first glance it would seem that either this educational process is futile so far as its actual effect upon audiences is concerned, or there was inherent fault (or faults) in the Little Theater which made it no criterion. On this latter point there are two or three things to be said. Two dollars a seat was too high a price for a performance by a stock company in Los Angeles. It is not germane to argue that this was a *de luxe* stock company—it is doubtful if it was superior in any particular to the Belasco stock at its best, where seventy-five cents was the top price. But be that as it may, the public regarded it as a stock company, and no amount of persuasion could alter that attitude. To ask two dollars created the same feeling as if a street car conductor informed you one morning that the fare down town had been increased to ten cents. To cut the price in half later could do no good, for it was an admission of failure, and nobody wants to pay money to a lost cause. Bargain prices may sell dry goods, but I cannot recall a theater which has been successful in recouping its fortunes by this method, though many have tried. The remote location of the house, the unanimity of the newspapers in creating the impression that it was a society "stunt," bad weather, and various other physical conditions doubtless had their part.

Yet if a thing possesses the elements of success, such factors as these, while they may prove to be difficulties, they can be overcome. If the demand is there it will make itself felt—and there was no demand. I doubt if the attendance would have been much greater if the price had been fifty cents from the start. The public simply didn't want the Little Theater, and so it hasn't it.

It seems to me that the venture was premature, and that the enthusiasm of those interested in modern drama was out of proportion to the numbers. The bulk was overestimated. That appears to be a more satisfactory theory than that the education process has been futile. For, by taking an inventory of the class of dramatic productions which are now successful in the regular theaters here, it will be seen that the day of the cheap clap-trap has passed.

Oliver Morosco who controls the only theaters which are governed by local supply and demand, has learned this, and rather than offer Los Angeles dramas which lack in power and truth, he presents musical comedy, and the same discrimination on the part of the public is noted in its patronage, or absence of patronage of the traveling attractions. The folk who were interested in the drama forgot for the moment that they are engaged in education and not revolution, that a year or two in the process of making over public taste can only be a beginning, and that the demand must evolve naturally and gradually. The Little Theater was about five, perhaps ten years too soon.

Meanwhile, the Drama League of America, here and elsewhere, goes on its way as usual, and the announcement of the series of modern plays is one of the most significant this organization ever has issued. Eventually, the series will comprise a library in itself, but, meanwhile, the first two books, Charles Kenyon's "Kindling" and Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago" are welcome representatives. Typographically attractive, neat in binding and yet inexpensive, the books should be extremely popular with the devotees of the printed play.

"Kindling" is far from new to Los Angeles. This city saw its premiere, at the Burbank theater, with Margaret Illington as a star in a special engagement. Its eastern history, its vicissitudes and final triumph over New York's indifference are matters of history. It is a good play, practical, real, but significant not so much because it deals with any modern problem as because it shows the insurgency against the romantic thrall of yesteryear—an insurgency in which Edward Sheldon and Eugene Walter have been the leaders, and Klein, Broadhurst and Thomas the principal reactionaries.

Maggie Schultz is the central character. Her husband, an industrious stevedore, is more prosperous than the majority of the tenement dwellers among whom they live, but still apparently unable to extricate himself and his wife from the slums. Before he realizes the awful rate of infant mortality he was eager that they should have a child, but having realized it he declares that to bring a child into that life is nothing less than murder. Thus when Maggie finds that there is to be a child she is afraid to tell her husband, and goes about it making her own plans for their escape from the tenement. A neighbor tells how land can be homesteaded in Wyoming, and a hundred dollars will take them to this land of promise, where a baby has a chance, and can "grow up husky." Maggie has an opportunity to go to work for a wealthy family, is tempted by a thieving scamp to be his accomplice, and abets a robbery. She has no compunctions because the victim of the plot is the woman who owns the tenement from which she must escape, and the idea of the poetic justice of it appeals to her. Still, Maggie's conscience gropes for the word which will justify her actions, and she stumbles upon it in conversation with Alice, the niece of the woman who has been robbed. Alice has befriended Maggie, and sensing something wrong, offers her aid:

ALICE: I understand, dear, you have some problem that you must solve alone; we all have those and I know you'll do the best you can.

MAGGIE: Oh, I wanna be good—I mean the way you call good—but sometimes there's somethin' you gotta do that's greater.

ALICE: Greater than doing right?

MAGGIE: That's the word—right—that's what I'm drivin' at—bein' right's greater than bein' good—and it's different. It's easy enough bein' good—'cause everybody agrees about it, but in doin' right there's nothin' to back you up but yer own sense—(With a sob). Oh, it's awful hard.

Maggie clumsily fabricates an explanation for her husband of how she obtained the money, but his wits are too sharp and she is too unskilled in mendacity. She is forced to admit her crime, but, driven to bay by his denunciation, she expresses her newfound creed of the supremacy of right above all other considerations, a right which superseded law, political or social, for the individual to exist and make possible the existence of those dependent upon him, at all costs. The honest Heinie is shocked at first, but when the motive is revealed he understands and forgives:

MAGGIE: (Turns toward Heinie) You put the idea into my head.

HEINIE: (Stunned) Me!

MAGGIE: Yes!—you showed me the game we was up against! I was satisfied with things as they was till then. You think I'm just a weak fool that Steve got to help him. Well, now, I'll tell ye somethin'. Ye wrong!

HEINIE: (Puzzled by her defiance) Just what's ye drivin' at?

MAGGIE: I mean that I finally woke up to

what I had comin' to me. Them people owned our home, they owned us, and if I dared to bring a life into the world they owned that, too. Well, they went too far, so I went up there and took what I needed—what was mine—I had a right to, I tell ye.

HEINIE: Right?

MAGGIE: Yes, a right—to my share o' life, just as they have, just as any animal has. I didn't ask for comfort, I didn't ask for happiness; that's fer their kind uptown—that's the law, but there's some things they've got to let me have; me—and the lowest animal livin'; you're a man, ain't ye? and you're goin' to have food and drink. Ye got a right to live and ye'll steal an' murder to do it. Well, I'm a woman and God give me a greater right even than that. He give me the power to give life—an' there's no want o' my body or soul cries out so loud. It will be satisfied, my greatest right o' all—then them people come down here an' warn me, warn me that if I dared to bring a life into the world it'd be smothered out—burned up like so much kindlin', and for what, their comfort, their pleasure; think of it—I'm a thief, I'm rotten, and in their eyes I lowered myself; well, just let 'em think so—in my own eyes I raised myself way above 'em, way far above 'em.

HEINIE: (Pick up speech quickly here to kill applause) Well, how about this—(Taking baby ribbon from table) Junk? Ye didn't swipe that to get yer needs of life, did ye? Ye wasn't buyin' yer passage to Wyoming with six yards o' that, was ye? No, ye took it because ye was a natural born thief.

MAGGIE: Ye don't understand—(No break in Heinie's speech—Maggie going R. and ejaculates)

HEINIE: A thief, I tell you, and couldn't help yourself. Ye'll take stuff like that—junk ye got no use for—just because ye can't keep yer hands off it—(Waving ribbon in her face) Will ye tell me why ye steal baby ribbon, baby pins—and baby mu—(Maggie bowed head under denunciation, raises eyes to Heinie at last "baby.") (In sudden enlightenment he stops and falls back a step, his hands across his brow as he stands before him, trembling) My God—my God—(Heinie keeps gaze on Maggie, who bows head in shame. His voice husky with awe and reverence) Why didn't ye tell me, Maggie—why didn't ye tell me?

MAGGIE: (Piteous whimper, turning away from him) I—I was too scared. Ye said if one come ye'd kill it.

HEINIE: (Bitterly, voice breaking) God bless ye, little girl. I love ye for it. (Maggie totters into his arms. He takes her sobbing in his arms—comforts her.)

It is scarcely a safe creed to turn loose in its crude form upon a half-baked society which already has a fair sprinkling of I. W. W. syndicalists, philosophical anarchists, bomb anarchists, and their kind. Yet, essentially, it is pretty nearly the theory upon which more than half the world lives, more or less frankly, even leaving the criminal classes out of consideration, and there are few who, in the testing time, would not follow the same course as Maggie Schultz and Jean Valjean.

The remainder of the play is an excellently constructed plot, leading up to and away from this climax. The extrication of Maggie from her predicament is a difficult matter, with detectives closing in, and to save her without melodrama requires a deft hand. It was Mr. Kenyon's first play, and so far his only one which has been produced. It is considerable of a blow to our local pride to notice that the first performance of the play is stated as having been given in Daly's Theater, New York, when, as a matter of fact, it was given at the Burbank, Los Angles, with the same three leading players, Margaret Illington, Byron Beasley and Frank Camp, and probably better minor actors and actresses than in the New York production. I recommend these facts to the attention of the 7000000000 Booster Club.

Now this is the kind of drama which is to furnish the middle stage of the evolution of the theater from the tinsel times to that of the purposeful drama of the future, if there is to be such a thing at all. It is not Galsworthy, but goodness knows it is many aeons ahead of Clyde Fitch. It is a hopeful sign, and the intelligence of the Drama League is manifested in the selection from the mass of possible material, of such works as these for publication in its projected series. So while we hang crepe upon the door of the Little Theater, let us not be downcast, for it is not too sanguine a hope that the same auditorium may yet be the home of even a more virile and significant drama than that which has failed to make it a permanent institution of the city. ("Kindling," by Charles Kenyon. Volume I of the Drama League series of modern plays. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Because a New Orleans man was found dead clutching a royal straight flush in his hand the police suspect foul play, following a poker game. But it was probably heart disease.

SHAW'S "PHILANDERER" IN GOTHAM

WINTHROP AMES is now presenting at the Little Theater Grauville Barker's Company from the Kingsway Theater, London, in "The Philanderer." The tiny, harmonious playhouse with its tapestried walls unbroken by a balcony and its intimate feeling is the place for this type of play. Though the Shavian humor of "The Philanderer" is not Shaw at his best the play is amusing and provocative of an inner chuckle of appreciation from the discerning. In the audiences, however, are always representatives of the cult that laughs broadly at everything for fear of missing a point and being caught serious at a moment when laughter is expected. Mr. Shaw, who is ever ready to hold up to ridicule the frailties of the insincere, has two things in mind in this play. He satirizes mercilessly the foibles of the Ibsen cult, that is to say, of those who pretend to an understanding of the message of the master. Both men and women belong. The only requirement for membership is that two individuals, a man and a woman, shall guarantee the applicant's fitness, that is his or her freedom from the usual sex attributes. No man must be manly, no woman womanly.

* * *

It is very fitting for Mr. Shaw to show up this particular form of idiocy, for he was one of the first to have any real understanding of Ibsen. Though the first freshness of the Ibsen excitement is over, "The Philanderer" nevertheless serves as a timely protest against a kind of affectation which will probably exist as long as people do. As in "Man and Superman" Mr. Shaw further hammers at the idea that woman is the determined huntress of man. Julia Craven shamelessly throws herself at Leonard Charteris' head in her vain attempt to make him marry her. Mr. Shaw himself said that the object of the play is to show up the matrimonial laws that make possible the existence of such a person as Leonard Charteris, the Philanderer, but the moral is not very obvious and one suspects Mr. Shaw in saying it of mere fun poking.

* * *

Charteris, who remarks upon the fickleness of the people he loves and the persistence of those who love him, has philandered too well with Julia. He is bored with her womanliness, and recognizes the fact that he has perjured his soul in vouching for her at the Ibsen Club. She is femininely persistent and has tried his patience by railing at everybody, especially at those of her own sex who have annoyed her. She has the bad habit of making scenes in which Charteris must be gently soothing until she reaches the point where she can rest her head upon his shoulder and throw bouquets at herself for being so forgiving. Charteris becomes so bored that he turns from her to Grace Tranfield. At the rise of the curtain he and Grace are seen philandering most shamelessly and they continue to do it until they are interrupted by the tragic entrance of Julia come to demand an accounting. Grace retires and Julia makes her customary scene until the two fathers of the two women, Craven and Cuthbertson, appear. Craven has set his affairs in order, for though seemingly particularly well and hearty he has been condemned to death by his physician, Dr. Paramore, as having an obscure disease of the liver. The next day at the club we are introduced to Dr. Paramore and to Sylvia Craven, Julia's younger sister, who wears knickerbockers and prefers to be "old Craven" at the club. Being very young she intends that the club shall live up to its character and so she assumes manly airs and constitutes herself a committee of one to see that the rules are kept. It does not help much, however, as no one pretends to keep the rules, not even that of silence which appears in big letters in the library. Indeed the library is the one place in the club where members come to quarrel and air their grievances.

It is here that Dr. Paramore falls upon Col. Craven and almost tears him limb from limb because he can no longer point him out as an exponent of his wonderful disease. An Italian with more opportunity than Dr. Paramore who has had only three dogs and a monkey to experiment upon, has disproved utterly the existence of Paramore's disease. Instead of congratulating Col. Craven, Dr. Paramore is furious. But Charteris who sees a way out for all concerned, shows Paramore that he is a fool for not using his disappointment to further his cause with Julia. Even if his scientific reputation, resting on three dogs and a monkey, is affected he should pretend to be rejoiced at the Colonel's reprieve from an early death and so win favor with Julia. By Charteris' contriving Dr. Paramore has an opportunity to propose to Julia who in order to save her face accepts him. And Charteris is left to go on philandering. Grace has seen through him and throws him over. She has also had the pleasure of giving Julia a dressing down that will last her the remainder of her life. Sylvia, who has been undisguisedly gleeful at the whole affair, is the only one who has had a particularly good time. The playing of Mr. Charles

Maude as Leonard Charteris and of Miss Ernita Lascelles as Grace Tranfield is very delightful, but the others leave something to be desired.

New York, March 2, 1914. ANNE PAGE.

GETTING AFTER EVILS IN CRIMINAL LAW

STUDENTS of sociology are deeply interested in the organization recently formed in Los Angeles under the name of the "Southern California Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology." It is rather an elongated titular cognomen, but we can stand that if it lives up to its announced purpose of bettering the penal statutes and institutions of the state. Heavens knows the contract is a large one which should give warrant for a correspondingly large-sounding title for the society. Of its aims Judge Gavin W. Craig advises us:

This movement is not founded upon sentiment, but the real interests of the criminal and of the public are identical, namely, to make the criminal a decent citizen. I believe that the opinion is nearly unanimous among those who have had occasion to observe closely, that there are many changes of a practical character in our criminal procedure, and in the treatment of prisoners in state, county and city institutions which are very much needed. Not being of a political character, these matters have received little attention by our legislators. We wish to bring them before the public to create a general demand for this legislation.

It is a greatly needed organization and should be productive of a vast amount of good. What is especially required is publicity in regard to concrete cases of evils in criminal law and procedure to the end that they may be tabulated and considered with the view to seeking remedial measures at the hands of the legislature. Similarly, where evils have crept into our criminal institutions the light shed upon them will be a notable means to their elimination for publicity invariably precedes reforms. We shall be glad to support the aims and objects of so worthy an organization as the one of which Judge Craig is president, Judge Frank R. Willis is vice president and Judge F. W. Houser a member of the executive council. N. Banks Cregier is the secretary to whom should be sent all suggestions of reform measures sought and instances of evils of the nature indicated desired to be eradicated. Our judges are to be felicitated when they are ready to give of their precious leisure time to the furtherance of such work.

POETRY AND THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET

DOES poetry pay? Alfred Noyes votes aye and at the extreme left of line we catch the piping note of Walt Mason registering in the affirmative. But they are not the only ducks in the pond. There is Lumilla Claire Clark Harben of Buffalo, a widow with two children whose muse has earned for her a Connecticut husband, a widower with three children, and the uniting of the Vanepps-Harben families is due to Lumilla's poem called "Heart's Desire," a printed copy of which strayed into the Nutmeg state and arrested the attention of George Vanepps, a machinist of New Britain, Connecticut. No wonder he was attracted. The opening stanza reads:

Ah, my arms outstretched, and methinks that tonight
They must reach the bright star of my heart's sweet delight.

These stars indicate an elision; they are what we saw when we read the conclusion of the stanza. But what a seasoned editor may gaze upon is one thing; he stands like a rock of Gibraltar between the eliminations and his gentle readers. However, we will admit that Mr. Vanepps drank in what follows:

While my ears like two seashells are waiting to hear
On the wavelets of sound the endearments so dear,
That will drift on Love's billows till caught by
my ear,
To be treasured as music for many a year.

There are other stanzas which we refrain from printing for reasons similar to those imbuing the New York World and not wholly for lack of space. Suffice it that when the New Britain man had encompassed them he wrote to the soulful Lumilla Claire at once, affixing a special delivery stamp to accelerate prompt transference through Uncle Sam's mails. The poet—how can there be poets in Buffalo?—replied,

photographs were exchanged and tomorrow the two avid souls will come together in lawful union. Does poetry pay? Well, ask Mrs. Vanepps a year or so hence—or her husband.

GOOD ROADS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOW many persons realize what Southern California counties are doing for good roads, in addition to the \$18,000,000 expended by the state? Mr. H. C. Williams, president of a Los Angeles bond and mortgage company, had occasion to look up the subject recently and his comments on what he found to be the situation make interesting reading. Los Angeles county, as is well known, has spent \$3,500,000 on its good roads system, with more to follow, and contiguous counties are doing their share. "But," remarks Mr. Williams, "the big surprise comes when the different enterprises are summarized and totaled." He adds:

Los Angeles county will expend \$1,500,000 more on good roads within the next twelve months. It heads the counties of the state, having already practically four hundred miles completed. These thoroughfares, of course, connect with the great state system and with the several county systems. And, see what the other southern counties are doing: San Diego county has voted \$1,250,000 and is already using the money. Orange county is spending \$1,170,000; Riverside county, \$1,125,000; Kern county, 2,000,000. It is estimated that Southern California now has 1,500 miles of good roads, constructed at a cost of \$11,000,000; and the splendid work is still going on. A part of the work laid out by Orange county is a coast boulevard to extend from Naples, where the Los Angeles county system ends, along the ocean front to San Juan Capistrano, where it will connect with the San Diego county system. The latter will connect with the state highway system at San Juan Capistrano. When the coast boulevard is completed, it will be possible, with few diversions, to ride along the ocean front, over good roads, from Santa Monica to San Diego.

As is known the state system traverses the interior, but good roads will be built connecting the coast boulevard with the coast highways and with the county systems of Riverside and San Bernardino, thus giving easy access from the interior to the ocean front. Eventually, the state system will form an artery connecting most of the counties of the state with one another. We agree that it is difficult to overestimate the value of the perfected and completed highway systems to Southern California and to the entire state. Southern California has been in the van in setting a liberal example for good roads enthusiasts elsewhere to follow and the reward that is in store for this section of the state is bound to be commensurate. Already, the increase in visitors in consequence is marked. Succeeding years are certain to break all precedents in this respect.

GRAPHICALITIES

On Kelly! on to Washington! the walking is au fait,
And many a hamlet yearns* for you along the broad
highway;
But O, the lamentations that will follow in your wake,
And O, the looted chicken yards in silence for your sake.

*Nit.

Secretary Bryan administers a deserved rap to James D. Phelan who recently hurt the Spanish *amour propre* by referring to Spain in a public speech as a decadent nation. The injured feelings were soothed by an assurance that Phelan was only a private citizen in nowise reflecting the sentiments of the United States government. Yet James aspires to the United States senate!

Under the leadership of "Gen." Kelly 2500 members of San Francisco's unemployed army are en route to Washington via the state capital, picking up recruits as it progresses. Let us hope it will be chary in picking up anything else in its line of march.

Let us hope that Mr. Post's cross-country run to Rochester for appendicitis will not be followed by the discovery that his trouble is merely indigestion, as in the case of Julia Marlowe. We dislike to see a good advertising story peter out.

Mary Garden is ill from la grippe due to appearing in too scanty costume in "La Tosca." She should stick to Salome; it is warmer.

There is nothing in a name. Mr. J. F. Swindellhurst has just been confirmed as postmaster at Livingston, Montana.

By the Way



George McKay's First Mortgage

When George McKay returned this week from a three months' absence in the East he found a stack of mail encumbering his desk into which he plunged with a vim. The first letter he opened was from the secretary of a mining company with headquarters in Tacoma. It contained a dividend check for \$78.50, the first dividend paid in ten years. "I have 7850 shares of stock," confessed George, to a friend, "and had almost torn up the certificates before I went away, when I was 'cleaning house.' Now I am to expect dividends every three months, so it is stated. 'Here's where 1914 begins to be good to me,' I remarked as I put the check in a drawer of my desk, and I had hardly said the words when in came a business acquaintance wearing a lugubrious expression. 'Lost your grandmother, yes?' I asked him. He smiled sadly. 'No,' he stammered, 'worse than that.' I began to think I had hurt his feelings when he continued, hesitatingly. 'It's the house out in the Arroyo Seco on which you had lent \$1,600, I wanted to speak about.' 'What of it?' I asked. 'It's somewhere between here and Playa del Rey,' he added, so mournfully, that I had to laugh in his face. 'Bad as that?' I exclaimed. 'Worse,' he replied. 'The river tore a hole through the lot and there is nothing left.' 'What about the hole?' I demanded. 'O, that's there yet,' he acknowledged, chinking up a little. 'Then refile the mortgage on the hole,' I suggested, perhaps the city will want it for exhibition purposes.' 'How about your own house?' I inquired. 'Flat over on its side,' was the answer, 'split in two.' I commiserated with him. 'But you have nothing,' he remonstrated, 'while I have my lot left.' 'Shucks,' said I, 'there's the hole, isn't there?' He grinned. 'You're a cool one to take a clean loss of \$1,600 that way,' he remarked. 'I was almost afraid to tell you.' 'Forget it,' I said, 'all but the hole; be sure to put the plaster on that.' 'I will,' says he; 'Good bye,' says I. 'You're a comfort,' says he, and we complimented ourselves out. Then I began to have doubts of 1914."

Theater for Children and Amateurs

Speculation as to what will become of the Little Theater has centered upon the belief that it will not be used extensively except for amateur and children's performances, a dramatic school which occupies the building having agreed, I am told, to accept the fittings, stage accessories and other equipment of the house in compensation for the cancellation of the lease. With such a home as this the Playgoers Society might have had a different history, and there is little doubt that this, and similar organizations, will take advantage of the fact that the place is available to give performances which otherwise would be difficult to produce.

Sympathy for the Actors

Aside from the general regret that an institution with such high ideals could not find room in Los Angeles, the principal expressions of sympathy I have heard have been for the members of the excellent company. These actors and actresses were aware that the theater was backed by a guarantee fund, and so, of course, expected that the engagement would continue through the winter season. The opening was delayed for weeks, and they were kept waiting for the building to be completed. Now that the house is closed, the eastern season is so far advanced that good engagements are practically impossible to obtain, so they have a long, dull period ahead, notwithstanding the fact that all are players of high talent. The backers of the theater could well afford to lose the money they subscribed, hence the only serious blow falls on the members of the Little Theater company.

Still Working Against the Tide

I hear that the north end property owners are grasping at another straw in their perennial battle against the tide of business southward. This is in the form of a flirtation with the city commissioners of Pasadena; suggestions of a bonus if a municipally owned trolley line from the Crown City will establish a terminal north of Fourth Street, and even intimations of a free site have been made by J. Henry LeSage, as spokesman for a syndicate. I sup-

pose Joe Mesmer is in this one too, and certainly, if such a line were built, and if it were a success, it would do more to help the waning glory of the north end than the post office and the proposed city hall.

William Randolph Movie Magnate

I am told that William Randolph Hearst has become one of the leading directors of the General Film Company. If this is the case it is quite possible that the tirades against trusts in the Hearst newspapers may be tempered considerably, for if there ever was a more despotic syndicate than that which controls moving pictures it would be difficult to find. Perhaps, however it is purely for scientific purposes that William Randolph has gone into the movies, and not for mere lucre. It may be that he is anxious to encourage the perfection of a machine which will be fast enough to record his political gyrations, and yet, come to think of it, there is no particularly good reason for him to be proud of them or want them kept in mind.

He Admits It Himself

While the ink on the foregoing bit of information was still drying, Mr. Hearst anticipated my announcement by one of his own. It is through the International News Service that he proposes to participate in the film business, according to the statement, but I understand that he will also be a power in the trust itself, of which Selig is only a part.

Baseball—Before and After

How cheerful and harmonious are all things pertaining to baseball in these parts. The local team, we learn from the veracious scribes, is all that could be desired. It doubtless will win the pennant, or at least it has a good chance, judging by the form of the players, we are assured. Then, when it is all over next fall, if Henry Berry's men do not happen to be at the top of the heap, the various sporting writers will declare they knew all the time that the team was not worth the uniforms, and they could have told Mr. Berry at all stages in the season what he should have done to procure winning baseball for Los Angeles. It may be impertinent to suggest anything to these cocksure young persons who are given the freedom of the sporting sections by editors who know that there is not much sport advertising anyhow, except the medical ads, and so they cannot do much harm, but just in passing might one be permitted to make this recommendation: Tell Mr. Berry how to run his team before it is everlasting too late.

Did the Times Hit the Mark?

According to the Times, the reason E. Tobias Earl issued his decree regarding the abstinence from alcoholic liquors on the part of his employees, was solely to get rid of George W. Schooley, his \$12,000 circulation man, whom he took from the Herald when the war of buying over one another's employees was progressing. The Times is the authority for the statement that after hiring Schooley in a saloon in the first place, by proxy, of course, Earl had him followed after he had signed his abstinence pledge, discovered him in saloons, and forthwith declared he had violated his contract and so it was void. They who best know Earl realize that such a plan is not unlikely, especially at this time when the saving of \$1,000 a month would be of great benefit to the cause. I hesitate to believe, however, that there was any such unselfish motive behind Publisher Earl's total abstinence order. I prefer to think he saw, with that clear vision which characterizes him at all times, that by keeping themselves pure and unsullied from the associations of low drinking places and the Demon Rum, his young men would naturally impart to his journals a moral tone, by induction, if not directly, that otherwise could not obtain, and in turn these great dailies would spread the atmosphere of sanctification throughout Los Angeles and its environs until this would really become a fit place for Edwin Tobias Earl to live.

Earl's Proclivity for Dismissals

It is one of the quirks of the millionaire owner of the Tribune and Express, aside from the Schooley case, in which he may have buncoed himself, that he becomes distrustful of men in direct ration to the length of their service and the faithfulness of their efforts. Brundige alone, of all the men he has had with him for many years, feels safe in his chair, and as for the minor workers, there is hardly a man among them who would not jump at an offer of the same or a slightly increased salary elsewhere. Frank Colby is a case in point. Ever since the theaters resumed advertising with the Express after the historic fight, Colby has given the paper a reputation for sanity in dramatic matters, and reliability in musical criticisms, that has been about its only point of supremacy over its contemporaries. He has been dropped without explanation and almost without notice. Not long ago the city editor of the Express, W. M. Ritchie, was dismissed summarily by

Earl, who sent the communication over the telephone, and gave no reason for the action. Not even to Brundige, I understand, would Earl make any explanation. Another case of a similar sort was the discharge, without notice, of a woman employee who was at home, ill, at the time. The Tribune record is a long list of casualties of the same sort. Is there any wonder that the Earl employees are not imbued with a sense of loyalty such as is the prevailing spirit in almost every newspaper office?

Expert Witnesses Losing Standing

"While it may appear that insanity as a defense for crimes is growing more common, the expert medical witness, the paid alienist, is becoming scarcer," said a leading physician to me this week. "The professional witness loses his standing as a physician because he gets a reputation for untruthfulness, because it is common knowledge that two sets of experts will take the same set of facts and argue that the subject is sane or insane, as they are paid to do. I have a case in charge now of this sort. A young woman who had suffered several bereavements first became afflicted with paralysis of the tear glands. She was grief-stricken, but she could not cry. Then she had a spell of hysteria, and this has been followed, in the last few weeks, by total loss of speech. She is in full possession of all her other faculties. Now, if any person interested in so doing were to set about it to watch this young woman, it could be proved absolutely that she is out of her mind, that she is silent from desire and not from necessity, and that she is unsafe to be at large. As a matter of fact she is in perfect mental condition, excepting that she is grief-stricken. One of these days she will wake up and find herself able to talk, but, meanwhile, if experts wanted to prove her insane it would be an easy matter.

Arrogance of the Switchmen

There were two Pacific Electric trains waiting while a switching crew shunted back and forth across Aliso Street. Finally, the freight cars were pulled down far enough to permit one of the trolley trains to pass, but it did not suit the convenience of the switchmen to wait the few seconds necessary to permit the second one to follow it. The shunting continued and twice the locomotive left the crossing clear, but not long enough to release the waiting electric car. The delay may not have been so long as it seemed to those in the car, but certainly it was several times the duration necessary.

GRAPHITES

That outcry against Colonel Roosevelt who is charged with demanding \$3000 for a speech in Buenos Ayres after he had been extensively feted is in no wise warranted. The honorarium was offered in advance of his visit to South America; the attention bestowed on the colonel was "extra" and obligated him not at all.

Congressman Harrison wants to call an international conference to plan the abolition of gambling in food stuffs. Optimistic Mississippian! Ever since Joseph cornered the Egyptian crops in anticipation of the seven "lean" years shrewd speculators have employed their inside knowledge and prescience to get the advantage of their less discerning fellowmen.

Representative Moon's provision in the general postoffice appropriation bill for \$200,000 for steel mail cars having been eliminated in committee, he will submit a separate bill embodying the same idea. Though partially obscured Mr. Moon hopes to be at perihelion later.

After soundly spanking his runaway daughter and her youthful lover a Port Orchard, Oregon, father procured the marriage license for the youngsters and gave them his blessing. Let us hope it will be fully as efficacious as the former argument.

Pomona has been bitten with the speed track mania bug and will build a race course forthwith. One would have thought that the nearby presence of Dr. Blaisdell and his college might have proved a counterirritant in this evidence of municipal folly.

Suffragists of the United States are urged to rally in open air meeting to adopt resolutions asking congress for equal rights. We are coming, Sister Abraham, five hundred thousand strong!

In breaking all loop-the-loop records at Santa Barbara Sunday Lincoln Beachey almost broke his own neck, but a miss is as good as a mile to the average aviator.

Pity the sorrows of the benighted easterners! Traffic suspended, trains everywhere stalled, supplies exhausted and business halted by the blizzardy weather. O you California!

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Rather unusual, this season, was the size of the audience at the Tetrazzini concert, Monday night. So much has stood in the way of attendance, that an audience the size of that which greeted the popular soprano has been a rarity of late. And even this house would have been larger but for the advent of the opera next week. Tetrazzini proved her powers to be undiminished and the rich velvety quality of her tones is just as delightful to the ear as in former years. Also, the lightly tripping and girlish singer of — well, under 300 pounds, is just as naive as ever. Her best work was in the "Bel Raggio" aria, from "Semiramide," which selection has been neglected on the local stage of late years. This most colored of coloratura tunes was given still more florid turns by the addition of embellishments foreign to the score, but in similar vein and which really added to its scope as a vehicle for the display of the wonderful vocalization of the singer. The "Mignon" Polonaise divided honors with the "Semiramide" in the way of encores galore. As an exponent of the art of bel canto—of voice production pure and simple, Tetrazzini certainly has few peers. But as a singer of things that go deeper than mere voice—that is for others to do.

Tetrazzini had able support in pianist and tenor. Yves Nat is rather spectacular as a soloist, but as an accompanist leaves nothing to be desired. He has a brilliant and showy technique for displaying which he selects numbers to suit. Rafael Diaz is a young tenor endowed with an excellent voice, which he uses with discretion except on the higher "fortes," when the constriction of the throat is betrayed by the unbeautiful ending of the tones. In time, the vocal organs will take their revenge for this treatment, and Mr. Diaz's voice will not have the lasting quality of Tetrazzini's. However, much of his singing is charming and has the enthusiasm of youth.

John McCormack sang two programs last week Friday night—one that was in print and another that was not—the latter being in the form of encores to the first. His most interesting numbers were the "La Boheme" aria and the two songs of Cadman, "The Land of the Sky Blue Water" and "The Moon Drops Low." McCormack is so much of a lyric tenor that the dramatic element is not very pronounced in his singing; thus many would find a missing element in his "La Boheme" aria. But, at any rate, it was the best thing from the composer's standpoint on the program. His voice is beautifully suited to the plaintive quasi-Indian melodies of Cadman. There is so much of the modern well-schooled composer in all these alleged Indian things that one can safely forget the modicum of Indian sauce and accept them simply as music. McCormack's singing of them is enjoyable not alone because of the saccharine quality of his voice, but on account of his excellent enunciation. It is a joy to hear English sung in an understandable way.

The trick about McCormack's singing and that of David Bispham, and of any one else who can be understood, is simply the making of the consonant clear to the listener. In singing, one may hold a vowel six or ten times as long as he would in speaking the same word; consequently the consonant is covered up with vowel, unless the consonant, also, is exaggerated in propor-

tion. That's the whole trick. Why do not more singers learn it and sing good English? Simply (1) because they underrate its importance and don't care whether the auditor hears the words or not; (2) because their teachers were incompetent, and (3) because they are too lazy—lazy in the brain space and lazy as to the labial and lingual muscles. They are content to be mouth-organs rather than brain-organs. The public hasn't figured this out—not yet. It knows something is wrong with the singer in general and that something unusual is right with such singers as Bispham and McCormack. If the dear public arouses one day, and demands its own language well sung instead of —often—a foreign tongue murdered—then the singer will have to awake from his vacuous slumber and learn his own language.

It is a good thing to hear the old standard oratorios once in a while—certainly we do not have any chance to hear anything else in that line in Los Angeles. And so I went to hear a section of "The Creation" given by Mr. Poulin's choir at Temple Auditorium last week. He has a chorus of about 180 voices, more than two-thirds women. But as that is the prognosticated proportion in heaven one ought to be satisfied with it here, even though it does result in too little bass and tenor at times. One would have to travel a good way to hear a better church choir than this. With the male voices doubled in number, it would make a good oratorio society and might—after the antiquities of "Creation" and "Messiah" were exhausted, give us something from the many modern works—that so far as Los Angeles is concerned do not exist. Mr. Poulin gave only the first part of the "Creation," on the laudable supposition that too much would be plenty, even of oratorio. Of the soloists, Mrs. Miller displayed a light clear soprano to which there was not given much opportunity; Mr. Laughlin's tenor is of unusually pleasing quality, and his enunciation still more commendable. Mr. Bemis, the bass, sang the "Rolling in Foaming Billows" aria—an aria in which all the climax comes first—with excellent results, making amends recitative. The accompaniments were played at the organ by Ray Hastings, whose registration infused a bit of modernity in the childlike blandness of Haydn. The second part of the program was a miscellaneous offering of solos and choruses in which, in addition to the above, were heard Miss Lohr, also, and Miss Dessary, violinist. The vocal selections were largely of the ballad order.

At the concert of the Brahms quintet, Saturday night, there were two or more novelties heard, a Metzdorff quintet being the principal one. Schubert's posthumous quartet opened the program. This quartet has been given a name for which there is excuse, though it gives a false suggestion as to the quartet as a whole. In the second movement, the composer introduced a song which he wrote ten years before his death, called "Death and the Maiden," and on this theme offers five variations. But more of these posthumous works later. The Metzdorff quintet opened in a manner which bids fair to be a good example of what Wagner called "Kapellmeister music." That is, music of a solid, scholarly sort, but devoid of interest or inspiration—such as was produced by hundreds of dull German pedants in their chapels and school rooms for two centuries. But

the third and fourth movements of the work lift it above this class, as the treatment is quite interesting. However, it is not to be compared for richness with the later French and Russian schools. The work of the performers in these compositions was almost up to the best they have done—which is saying a good deal. Mrs. L. J. Selby was vocal soloist, with songs of Bruch, MacDermid, and Grunn. She touched dramatic levels in the Bruch Odysseus aria, but had to descend to mere platitudes in the MacDermid tune, which was not worth so good a setting. Homer Grunn's song "Life's Meaning" has several excellent moments and gives a hint of what he may do in the future, with more condensed material. His song made so strong an appeal that part of it was repeated in Mrs. Selby's gracious manner.

Schubert's posthumous quartet, above mentioned, led me into an interesting train of reading and I unearthed the following gem from an English paper, issued eleven years after Schubert's death. Incidentally, it may be remarked that one of the largest items of Schubert's post-mortem inventory (the total being \$7.50) was "a quantity of old music, 10 florins." In this "old" music possibly was this quartet, and certainly many of the works that were unearthed in later years by Sir George Grove and others. Hundreds of Schubert's 800 works were not found for many years after his death; and of this the English critic wrote:

"The defunct popular composer not only becomes immortal in a poetic sense, but by a curious felicity which publishers can best explain, actually goes on composing after he is dead. All Paris has been in a state of amazement at the posthumous diligence of the song writer, F. Schubert, who, while one would suppose his ashes to be reposing in peace at Vienna, is still making eternal new songs, and putting drawing rooms in commotion." Such is the suspicion concerning Schubert's celestial activities in the year 1839, in the London Musical World.

After various postponements, the recital of Fritz Kreisler was given at Temple Auditorium Sunday afternoon. The audience waited good humoredly and decorously forty minutes for the recitalist and then gave him a hearty greeting. His program might have been called one of violin antiquities, so many were his old-timers. Yet from their delicate flavor of the days of wigs and powder and patches, as well as from the unparalleled grace with which Kreisler plays them, the old masters were warmly welcomed. Kreisler's own piece was given such a reception that it was repeated. In place of the Paganini group at the close, a more modern trio of selections was played, keeping the program as a whole from having a flavor of artistic mustiness, so to speak. The audience was a very large one, as many took the opportunity to exchange tickets from a previously unattended event. Manager Behymer is going that length to see that his patrons "get their money's worth" and I have even known him to give seats at his Philharmonic concerts in exchange for tickets which have been sold by other managers for concerts in which Behymer had no interest—as "B" said, "just to see that the people didn't lose faith in the whole musical profession."

Monday night the Guild of organists gave its thirteenth recital at St. John's church. The organists participating were Percy Hallett, Ray Hastings and E. D. Wyckoff, in a varied program, assisted by the choir and quartet of that church.

At the Normal school the People's chorus is practicing St. Saens' "Samson and Delilah" for a later presentation, under Hans Linne. New voices are welcomed.

Tomorrow the Los Angeles orchestra announces another program at the Ma-

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jestic theater, under Edward Lebegott. Lillian Smith, pianist, is featured as soloist.

:-: Fascinations of Petticoat Lane--By CAROLINE REYNOLDS :-:

Spring is here! On every side there are harbingers, but it is not the blossoming hills and the budding trees that are given heed; but the blossoming bonnets and the quaint frills and furbelows of femininity that stretch on every side of our Lane of Fashion—or Petticoat Lane, as it has been christened. Women who will not walk a mile to see a violet nestling shyly in the grass, have walked two-score miles to view the spring garments and the spring chapeaux. And they are alluring things, even to the masculine eye. Never were they so quaint, so eye-filling as they are this year. At first they make the onlooker gasp, as they are so decided a departure from those to which we have been accustomed. A casual glance oftentimes votes them hideous, but a second look reveals their fascination, and a third makes them irresistible.

For several days the shop windows have been shrouded with all-concealing canvases, refusing to permit the passersby even a peep into the mysteries of the Fashion Show display. But Wednesday evening the curtains fell, and Fashion was unveiled in hundreds of show windows, the long lane of plate glass rooms forming a panorama of silks and satins and laces and ribbons, shimmering in long folds of cloth, cut into stunning garments, draped as backgrounds and used in a hundred different manners.

It is always satisfying to look at Bullock's display. This year there is a symphony of blue in their windows—that delicate, dreamy new blue known as the blue bird. There are many tones, with the varying nuances shown in fabrics and frocks, plumes and hats, wraps and accessories. The green velvet carpet is in strong contrast, as are the loops and strands of chiffon and ribbon on which are perched the blue birds. It is "Inauguration Month" at Bullock's, and the interior of the store is like a spring orchard, all a pink mist of fruit blossoms and cage after cage of trilling canaries. Thousands of bunches of violets have been given away to the shoppers—and an idea of the throng of visitors may be gained from the fact that more than ten thousand bunches of these fragrant blossoms were ordered. The window display of fashions is no more appealing than those which are to be seen upstairs. They have striking examples of the newest things. A brilliant gown of Pussy Willow taffeta, which is finished with a Picot edge, is in peppermint green. The skirt has a double frill, reaching to a big Japanese obi in the back. The bodice is of green and cream net, with a puff of the taffeta just above the waist line. A band of green velvet outlines the neck, and the corded waist line is adorned with a French nosegay. A Paradise yellow taffeta shows last year's uplift style completely turned around—which is noticeable in so many of the gowns this season. Instead of the uplift being in front it comes in the back. The tunic of this gown is long in front, with a deep ruffle in the semi-Minaret effect, headed with a frill. At the ankle is an inverted box plait. The bodice is of the taffeta, with a Paul Poiret rolling collar and a high waisted effect. Across the shoulders a plaiting of pink maline gives a touch of color. The short sleeves, also ending in a roll, has bows of black velvet, which girdle the waist and touch the throat line, while a splash of purple color is formed by a cluster of sweet peas fastened to the corsage. One of the prettiest of all models is of Pompadour taffeta and chiffon. The skirt, a black taffeta with a Pompadour design of rose and dark green, is made with a stunning tunic which comes to a point right in front

and is finished with a ruffle cut circular so that it flares at each side. The waist is a blue chiffon over a mock camisole. The Pompadour design is repeated in the bodice, the pattern being embroidered in colored beads, and the armholes outlined with a narrow broidery of the same. The vest is of plaited green maline, and there is one of those upstanding, frilly collars of plaited black and green maline to stand up around the neck. The peplum is cut so straight that it really forms a girdle. A black grenadine that would bring a mist of remembrance to the eyes of many still youthful women has a three tier skirt, the tiers being finished with a wide ruffling of black taffeta, bound at the lower edge and with a little ruffled heading. The upper ruffle is caught back and Shirred. The taffeta is cut in one piece, in a sort of blouse, with a pretty bow across the front. The Oriental collar and simulated reveres give a surplice effect, and around the throat and down the front is a ruffling of Valenciennes lace. Hats are important parts of Madame's toilette this year, since hats are worn even at the afternoon dansants. Of course for the younger folk the little Castle dancing caps, with their saucy Dutch look, are just the thing, and one demure creation of white lace has a Dresden wreath across its peak. All the hats this season have a soaring tendency. One of Milan hemp, with a crown of moire, comes to an abrupt point high in the back, and the chartreuse and black Paradise plumes add to the height. A Lewis model is in the clamshell shape, the edges being bound with moire, and the whole topped with a metalized ostrich feather, from which the tendrils have all been burned, leaving only the stems of the fibres. A Kurzman "rose hat" is in all shades of rose. The straw foundation is of a deep rose, turned sharply up at one side and combined with grograine ribbon in a lighter shade. Right on the crown is a bed of foliage from which rises a long stem of leaves and flowers. A Milan hat with a tremendously high crown is trimmed with a wreath of metallic fruit around the brim, and a long stick up of the same material. There are a number of the new Paul Poiret Larry-made waists at Bullocks—only one of a kind, so that the wearer will not suffer the indignity of seeing another wearing a duplicate. They are nearly all made with the peplums and winding girdles. The New Poiret collar is also evident. The handsomest is a taupe silk poplin, embroidered in the pastel shades. The loose, round neck has a plaited frill, and the roomy sleeves are laced in with a silk cord, while the peplum and the sleeves are bound with taupe satin.

Artistic use of detail in the J. W. Robinson Company's windows is always noticeable. The spring touch is given this year by the butterflies that flutter through the entire display. The white floors harmonize with every shade, and the handsome pieces of statuary, the beautiful chairs, the baskets of blossoms. One window that attracts every passerby, masculine or feminine, is the "baby" window, where all of the necessities, the luxuries, and the prettiest toys to which babies are heir are strikingly displayed. In each window there are figures wearing the finest products of the modistes of Europe and the United States, and surrounding them are laces and fabrics and accessories. Every morning and every afternoon there is a fashion promenade by half a dozen good looking girls, and many are the invaluable hints given onlookers as to how to wear the new creations. A dancing frock worn by a slender girl is of Pompadour taffeta in the Dresden printing, with soft puffs giving the

bouffant style. The shadow lace of the bodice is combined with green net, while at the neck and around the waist are touches of pink. With this frock is worn a Castle dancing cap of gold lace, edged with a band of gold velvet on which are caught tiny pink rosebuds. A flat "plaqué" hat of lace and net has a scarlet rose tucked underneath the brim, and with long black velvet streamers falling almost to the knees. A suit of Receda green moire has a double tier, and the jacket, which is short in front and comes to a point in the back, has a collar embroidered with dragon flies. For a dancing frock a snow-flake voile, sheer and filmy, is gracefully draped and caught up under the girdle streamers in the back to give the tier effect. The loose, blousy bodice has a vest of delicate lace and frills, the same note being repeated in the sleeves, and there is a little "back collar" of lace and embroidery. A spangled black Castle cap with a Paradise stick up completes this costume. Another white dress is all of net, broad bands of Cluny lace being set in beneath the skirt and just above the girdle. Ruffles of the net, piped in black, appear beneath the tunic, and a big jet button fastens the black velvet of the girdle. With this is worn a dashing hat, the crown of straw and the brim of lace edged with a band of the straw. Around the brim and on the bandeau are clusters of flowers, and a broad band of old blue ribbon forms a dashing long streamer. One of the prettiest white lingeries is of French voile, all hand embroidered, with insets of filet lace. Over the shoulders are broad bands of dark blue velvet, which are girdled around the waist in front, and caught on each side in the back with embroidered straps. With this is worn an imported cape of white charmeuse embroidered with blue in a Japanese design. The lining is of blue and a double frill of blue finishes the wrap. The wisteria shade is very beautifully demonstrated in a crepe poplin of the most conventional cut. The skirt is extremely simple with a straight peplum, and the straight, short jacket has small plaits at the side and a narrow belt. The buttons and the metallic bands of the belt are in the wisteria shades. One of the prettiest hats of the Fashion Show is a little French bonnet, with a poke in front, and with the back slashed and brought up over the crown. A nosegay of rose buds and black velvet streamers are the only trimming, but it is exquisite in its simplicity. A summer frock of white Canton crepe is a fascinating conception. The tunic is pointed on each side and is embroidered in roses and violets, and there are touches of the embroidery on the bodice. The blue girdle has a big bow in the back and is concealed under the blouse on the sides.

While the windows of the Ville are exceedingly simple, they are none the less elegant. The mahogany background is outlined with masses of asparagus plumbosus and vases of Japanese fruit blossoms are arranged on tall pedestals. There are a number of handsome costumes, with the rich materials and the laces and trimmings for which this house is noted. One gown that is not in the window, is a dancing frock of Pussy Willow taffeta in white. The skirt is scalloped and the lace tunic is inset with pink roses. The shadow lace bodice has pink sleeves, and the girdle is of blue satin, arranged in front to represent a half blown rose. Another that is especially good is of pale blue chiffon satin, with a plaited tunic of Chantilly lace, and a triple flounce. The bodice of crepe chiffon and the plaited lace, has touches of rose velvet at the throat and sleeves, and a twisted cord of the velvet around the waist. An apricot crepe has two tiers of lace from the waist, then a

flounce to the knee, and below that four ruffles of the lace. The material is bordered with embroidered dots. The bodice is of the lace, with touches of the crepe over the shoulder. A wide girdle is of the apricot, and there is an upstanding frill at the neck. Bows of black velvet give the necessary contrast. A suit that is a little different is of black brocade aéolian. The skirt is brought high, just under the bust line. Two flounces come below the waist. The jacket is one of those little loose fitting models, with an upstanding collar turning back from the neck, lined with white and bound with white moire at the edge. The looped blouse of the back is also bound with white at the edges, and it is fastened with one great jet button.

All the more substantial materials and styles are given place in Harris and Frank's. Gold and yellow decorations make their windows springlike, and there are models of silk three piece suits and dresses, one piece suits, and natty wraps, as well as the foibles and fancies of the maculine element.

Joseph Green has a selection of materials and styles for his spring and fall suitings that will prove a boon to the woman who leans toward correctly tailored garments. His costumes are distinctive, marked in every line with that elusive quality termed "style."

Riches also abound in the establishment of J. Gerz, who has an importation of the latest fabrics for women's suits that are especially chic.

All of the styles this season are as quaint as illustrations from the "Lady Books" and they are just as modest, even though many of the effects are dubbed the "semi-nude." And, indeed, the bodices are daring—probably, because the skirts have lost their slits. Either they reveal with disarming frankness the charm of feminine curves, or they are made over flesh-colored chiffon whose apparent revelations are startling at first glance. But, at least, the styles are decidedly feminine, and no longer can the anti-suffragist shriek forth that women are adopting the habiliments of the stronger sex. In fact, there is less exaggeration to the styles of to-day than there was to the garments that are dragged out from grandmother's cedar chest. And even the men like to peep at them, for there are as many masculine sightseers on Petticoat Lane as there are feminine—although, perhaps, they do not devote so much time to looking into the windows, for the streets themselves look like a promenade of Fashion's favorites.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, whose "Collected Poems" have just been published by the John Lane Company, is the wife of the Dr. Woods who was master of Trinity College, Oxford.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

020358

Non-coal.

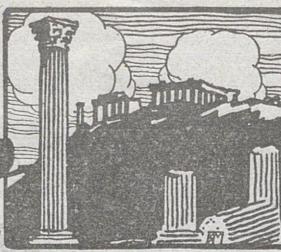
NOTICE is hereby given that Carl Dold Benz, whose post-office address is 2703 Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 22nd day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020358, to purchase the SW^{1/4}SW^{1/4}, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:
American and European Painters—Mu-
seum Gallery of Fine Arts.
Montalboddi—Blanchard Gallery.
Fanny Duvall—Steckel Gallery.

So much has been talked and written about art in the last twenty years that the average layman has completely lost his bearings. His mind has become a pandemonium of absurd ideas and preposterous notions concerning the painter and his craft. The brain has refused longer to respond to art sense and seems to be clogged with exaggerated thinking and water-logged with unsound reasoning. The majority who visit art exhibits do not know what they are looking at, simply because they do not know how to look at a work of art. The artist, the critic, and the present experimental system of public education are all partners in this hoax.

* * *

Art is, of course, far from a simple problem, but it is equally far from the complex thing that people have made of it. The average person is actually afraid to take a deep breath inside an art gallery. Haven't you seen them enter on tip-toe and talk in hushed whispers? Often I have studied the effect of a display of art works upon a crowd. It is pitiful to watch them flounder about. They enter the gallery in a stupefied manner and all life seems at once to depart. They are really afraid, afraid of themselves, of the canvases, and most of all are they afraid of their own meager opinions. They do not even meet art half way. Gradually, you can see them freezing up and becoming numb and rigid in mind if not in body. Ask them for an opinion about any canvas on the wall. They stammer something about not knowing much about art.

* * *

Who, indeed, knows anything about art,—real art, I mean? No one has ever been able to define it with any degree of success. Emerson tried, as did also Ruskin, and both able men fell short of the mark. Why bother about art or its cause? Rather, let us deal with its effect. It is in the world and all about us and was meant by an all-wise Creator to be taken into our daily lives with us and used. Usually, the greatest harm in anything lies in the discussion of the topic. If we could accept art as a matter of course, much of the false values put upon it would vanish. So much useless twaddle is circulated about art that many have come to regard it as something to keep shut up in a dark room and only peeped at occasionally and never to be comprehended.

* * *

The present system of education is partly to blame. Art is not presented in the right way. We do not bring our children in contact with it soon enough. Every Japanese laborer whom you meet in the street can discuss the art of his country. Why? Because he was raised with it as his playfellow and his daily companion. His whole training from a toddling babe has been an art training. His toys, his games, his picture books, nursery rhymes and school-boy hero tales have to do with art. In France, conditions are much the same. The French child is taken to grand opera and to classical plays as soon as he is old enough to sit up and keep awake. He is schooled in the literature of his advanced country from his play days. He knows nothing else, hence the

French race are a cultured race, possessing knowledge rather than mere education.

What do we find in the minds of our children? Clap-trap fairy tales of no literary worth and full of blood and vengeance. Isn't the story of Bluebeard a sweet and gentle legend for the child? And the so-called "funny paper"—what an art feast for the unformed taste! Do we take our youngsters to the best plays, to concerts, or the opera? Not a bit of it. We leave them at home with the nurse and if they are very good we treat them to an occasional "movie" show. I know of nothing that is so completely demoralizing to the public taste and building up such false standards of art as the motion picture films under the present regime of commercialism and gluttonous greed for money.

* * *

To return to my subject, I declare that art is one of the most practical problems of modern times, if we but knew it. It is a common, every-day thing, comfortable and live-with-able. It is for daily consumption, to be taken at all times, in all places. It is all a matter of self-expression. I believe we are all lovers of the right things at heart, but we do not know how to get ahead on them. Our natural channels of expression are so clogged by misapprehension and disuse that we stagger on blindly accepting the bad along with the good and not knowing the difference. Every good picture that ever was painted has the same message of beauty and strength for the layman that it has for the connoisseur. If you cannot get it you are being robbed and cheated of your God-given inheritance. In looking at a work of art, don't try to solve the same problem that the artist did. Simply read as much of yourself in the work as possible and then take your own part out again. Feel for the message of beauty, of poetry, of love contained in each work of art. I do not refer here to any stray canvas that may be lying about, but to proved works of true art.

* * *

Look with me at such canvases as "Tongueland Church" by Manney, "The Bridge" by Gardner Symons, "Cathedral Trees" by Ryder, "Marshes at Essex" by Dewey, "The Shepherd" by Tanner, and "The Family" by Olinsky, as they hang before you daily at the Museum Gallery of Fine Arts and see what message such masterpieces have for you. You may not always like the subject of a painting, just as you do not always like the story told by an author, or the plot exploited by a dramatist, but surely you can thrill under the mastery of their great art and be proud that you belong to the same race of men. Of course, I do not expect nor desire the layman to get enthusiastic over the structural qualities of any work. That is quite beside the point, but the true artist can carry his message over and beyond this, and does so for the benefit of the mind with but one eye. The well-developed mind can rise above ethics and revel in the method and in the far greater art of mental process and if he cannot do so he is far from the true-born and the high minded person he thinks himself to be.

* * *

First and foremost, a thing must be a work of art to be worthy, after that it may be almost anything and yet carry its purpose to the man who really knows. Compare the canvas

called "Vice" with the one shown as "The Revellers." Both are famous and both are hideous in subject, but "Vice" is good art while the other is worse than bad art. "Vice" will live and do good in spite of its evil subject, while the latter named work debauches taste as well as morals. In the field of modern drama let us compare "Tiger" with "The Lure." Both plays are full of filth and licentiousness, yet "Tiger" is good art while "The Lure" is not even good enough to be classed as bad art.

* * *

Think and reason. Art is for all and there is no just cause why anyone should be denied its pleasures. Have an opinion and don't be afraid to express it. It may be wrong, but what if it is? If it expresses you it cannot be wrong except to another individual who sees the work from his own personal viewpoint which in turn would be all warped and out of plumb to your way of thinking. Bear in mind always, that art to be real must first, last, and always remain true to life in its broadest sense.

* * *

Members of the California Art Club are preparing for the Spring Exhibition which will open early in April under the auspices of the Friday Morning Club in the club auditorium. The opening reception is to be made a social event and excellent canvases are now in the making for this exhibition.

* * *

Louis H. Sharp is to be a March exhibitor at the Friday Morning Club and Miss Mabel Packard will give the art conference of the club, speaking on miniature painting. She will also show her recent miniatures at this gathering.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 25, 1914.

010949. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Robert McFetridge, of 1323 16th St., Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 19, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 010949, for S½NW¼, Sec. 8, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 9th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names at witnesses: Benjamin F. Kinsey, of Santa Monica, Cal.; William Gleason, Frank Schaefer, Thomas H. Lyons, John F. Hetman, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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In honor of Miss Sally Polk, whose marriage to Mr. Hulett Merritt, is to take place in April, and also in compliment to Mrs. Otto Behr, a recent bride, Mrs. Jay H. Johnston of West Twenty-ninth street will give a dancing party this evening at the Rex Arms, about seventy-five couples having been asked.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Lindley of Menlo avenue have as house guests their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Knecht, and their baby boy. Mrs. Philo Lindley is in San Francisco, visiting her mother.

Mrs. E. W. Rollins of Boston, Mass., gave a dinner at Hotel Huntington Wednesday evening, his guests being Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mrs. Harry Harley, Mrs. J. T. Cutler, Miss Natalie Campbell, Miss Laura Hobson and Messrs. Charles Hastings, D. G. Cutler and A. W. Lancashire.

This afternoon at the home of Miss Florence Baker and Miss Beatrice Baker on West Twenty-fifth street, the Gamma Phi Sorority will entertain with a reception. Fruit blossoms and spring flowers will beautify the rooms, and there will be a musical program by several members of the sorority. The hostesses are the Misses Gladys Lindsay, Lorita Roue, Emily Hutton, Lou Simpson, Dolores De Remer, May Hamilton, Florence Baker, Beatrice Baker, Helen Walker, Elizabeth Root, Irene Teetzel, Margaret McGee, Lillian Lamp, Nan Moffatt, Gertrude Whitman, Florence Mahoney, Margaret Whitman, May Hamilton, Isabel Morse, Irene Parker, Ethel Carrington and Helen Adams.

There will be an informal luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club Tuesday afternoon, with Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor as hostess and Mrs. Henry Murphy, her house guest, and Mrs. Conover, who is visiting the W. S. Hooks, as the guests of honor.

Although this is the Lenten season, Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire has been having a pleasant round of entertainment before her departure for the continent. A delightful occasion was the informal tea given Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner at her home on West Adams street. Next week Mrs. Jack Niven is giving a dinner for her, as is Mrs. Robert Rowan, and there are several other farewell courtesies on the calendar.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Kierulff have returned to their home in St. Andrews place after a visit in the North.

At twilight Wednesday in the little Church of the Angels at Garvanza, Miss Sarah Hanawalt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Hanawalt of Eddle place, became the bride of Mr. Seymour E. Davids, the service being read by the Rev. Harry Thompson. The quaint little church was beautiful with masses of peach blossoms tied with filmy bows of tulle. The bride was robed in a gown of pale rose charmeuse with an overdress of lace. A little French bonnet with frills of lace and tiny rosebuds was worn, and she carried an armful of pink Cherokee roses. Mrs. Frederick Hastings Rindge was the only attendant, in a gown of pale pink taffeta, girdled with blue. She wore a pink poke bonnet and carried a basket of wild flowers. Mr. Rindge was the groom's attendant. Mr. and Mrs. Davids are enjoying their honeymoon trip and will make their home in Pomona on their return. Mon-

day evening the bride was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Miss Jean Lines at her home on Occidental boulevard. Yellow blossoms formed the centerpiece, and place cards were white sketches, marking covers for Mr. and Mrs. Guy Boynton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kidder, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lester Best, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rindge, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Brown, and Mr. Merritt H. Adamson. Tuesday evening, the bride inverted the usual conventional order, by giving her reception before the wedding. Relatives and intimate friends gathered at the Hanawalt home to congratulate the young people. The rooms were sunshiny with acacia blooms, and dancing was enjoyed.

Mrs. Charles F. Peyton, who has been visiting here as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Forrest Stanton, will leave Sunday for her home in West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parks, and Miss Celia Parks of England, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ainsworth of West Adams street, have left for Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire will leave next week for a European trip.

Spring blossoms decorated the pretty home of Mrs. Kingsley Macomber for the informal tea party with which she entertained yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Charles F. Peyton of Charles-ton, W. Va., who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton, was the guest of honor at a bridge luncheon given Tuesday afternoon at the Los Angeles Country Club by Mrs. Robert P. McJohnston and Mrs. Alexander Barrett. Covers were laid for twenty-eight and the tables were fragrant with spring flowers and ferns.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carlton Lee, who have recently returned from a visit in the east, have taken the Nat Wilshire home on Fourth avenue.

Tomorrow afternoon Mrs. William E. Towne will give a tea in honor of Mrs. Robert Wagner, a recent bride.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rector and Miss Wilhelmina Rector have sailed for a trip around the world.

Miss Bessie Chapin gave the second of a series of morning musicales Tuesday at the home of Mrs. J. H. Miles, 43 Westmoreland place. A delightful program of Russian music and folk-lore songs was given, with Mrs. Estelle Heartt Dreyfuss associated. Mrs. Miles was assisted by Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Harry Harrington has as a house guest Miss Kathryn Winship of San Francisco.

There was an informal little dancing party at the Captain Banning home on Hoover street Wednesday evening, the guests really being members of a dancing class which is mastering the new steps.

Mr. John Phillips of Fresno is the guest of his uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. William L. Graves of New Hampshire street. They gave a dinner party for him recently, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Graves, Jr., Miss Martha Woolwine, Miss Florence Johnston, Miss Mary Hughes, Mr. Arden Day and Mr. Ardis Robinson.

At the home of her parents in Venice, Miss Eleanor Kopta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wensell Kopta, became the bride of Mr. Eddens Darst Wed-

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nesday afternoon. Only immediate friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was read by Judge W. A. Rennie under a wedding bell of American Beauty roses and ferns. The bride wore her going away gown and carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Darst will be at home at Edom, Cal.

Mrs. Edwin Rankin Brainerd of the Alexandria, who went to Santa Barbara to attend the club women's convention, has gone on to San Francisco to visit her son, E. R. Brainerd, jr.

Notes From Bookland

John G. Neihardt, author of "A Bundle of Myrrh," plans to organize a branch of the Poetry Society of America in Nebraska.

John Allan Wyeth, who contributes a poem to this month's Forum, is a son of the famous surgeon of the same name.

Robert Hunter, whose new book, "Violence and the Labor Movement," will be published early in March, has been selected by referendum as the nominee of the Socialist party in Connecticut for United States senator.

The latest writer to be compared to O. Henry is not an American, but an Englishman. He is Pett Ridge, and the George H. Doran Company is publishing his novel, "The Remington Sentence."

Gen. Rafael Reyes, ex-president of Colombia, has put his knowledge of South American life into a book called "The Two Americas," to be published this month by Frederick A. Stokes.

William Butler Yeats, who is now lecturing in this country, is reading the proof of the revised edition of "Stories of Red Hanrahan." The book will appear in March or April.

William de Morgan, his admirers will be glad to know, still resists the modern tendency toward brief novels. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" fills more than 800 pages.

Rabindranath Tagore's new book, just published, is a play called "Chitra." It is based on an incident in the Mahabharata.

In a poll of its readers to determine their choice of "the three greatest living English poets in order of excellence," the English Journal of Education found that Rudyard Kipling, William Watson and Robert Bridges were the favorites.

Bergson in the French Academy

New York Evening Post: Election of Henri Bergson to the French Academy was inevitable after the extraordinary impression his philosophy and his personality have produced on academic and public opinion outside of France in the last three or four years. That the French Academy should have been somewhat slow in recognizing the merit of a man who has been hailed as one of the half-dozen greatest figures in the history of philosophy, is probably due to the fact that the academy is still a stronghold of conservatism and prejudice. Bergson's racial origin may have stood in the way, as well as the fact that his philosophical theories have been made the basis for revolutionary programs in the field of economics—as by the Syndicalists—in art, and elsewhere. Thus Bergson will have been regarded by hostile eyes as the inciter of the youth of France to anti-social self-assertion. Of his qualifications for academy membership on the literary side there is no question. In theory, the academy is a society of letters, and many a member has qualified on the basis of a thin book of political speeches or some professorial treatise, whereas the "Creative Evolution" and the essay on "Laughter" are notable examples of the French genius for charm of expression combined with boldness of thought.



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Dream, who love dreams! forget all grief;
Find, in sleep's nothingness, relief;
Better my dreams! Dear human books,
With kindly voices, winning looks!
Enchant me with your spells of art,
And draw me homeward to your heart;
Till weariness and things unkind
Seem but a vain and passing wind;
Till the gray morning slowly creep
Upward, and rouse the birds from sleep.

Then, with the dawn of common day,
Rest you! But I, upon my way,
What the fates bring, will cheerlier do,
In days not yours, through thoughts of
you!

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is a companion for the soul on a quiet afternoon by the sea or a gray day by the fire. It is so rich in symbolism, so subtly mystic, that its beauty endures and grows more poignant with each new reading. Nor do any two people interpret it alike—each man reads into it what lies in his own soul. It never should have been put on the stage, taking the purely artistic viewpoint. The mechanism of a stage production necessarily destroys mysticism, and unless one can orient oneself purely into the spirit of the pageant and the symbolism, the spectacle of soiled and ragged draperies and shopworn scenery takes the shimmer off that fine glamor that is as delicate as the coloring of a butterfly's wing or the faint frail blush at the heart of a rose. The only value of it as a stage production is that it will reach many, many people who would take neither the time nor the application necessary to read the book. Last year, when the production was new and fresh and unstained, there was more excuse for it than this season. It is a blow to atmosphere and illusion in any play to give it an unclean and shopworn environment; but it is an unforgivable offense to find these flaws in the investiture of Maeterlinck's fantasy. Beauty does not lie in perfection, for beauty cannot exist without the flaws which make contrast possible; but to see the costumes of the "Blue Bird" characters torn and draggled and patched, to see curtains with great holes in them, and flowers soiled and sullied—it would be like watching a pale, exultant bride, clothed in a mist of white satin and tulle, and carrying a cluster of broken, bruised lilies. The story of "The Blue Bird" has become too familiar to require recounting; nor should anyone be brave enough to translate its individual message. Much or little may be gleaned from its pages; and not even the vagaries of staging can take away the gentle sadness of "The Land of Memory" scene, where the dead may waken from their sleep only when the living think of them; nothing can utterly destroy the thrill of little Tytly's triumphant cry, "There are no dead"; nothing can mar the exquisite fancy of "The Land of the Unborn Souls." The actors are nearly all familiar in their roles. Burford Hampden is losing the childish timbre of his voice and fast developing from a little lad into a stripling. He is an exceedingly clever youngster, but he betrays the fact that he has played the part so long that it has become mechanical to him. Little Editha Kelly has retained her childish freshness. Cecil Yapp continues in his striking characterization of the cat, and the remainder of the long cast is in capable hands.

Entire New Bill at Orpheum

It is an unusual luxury that the Orpheum gives its patrons this week—an entire new bill of eight acts. Probably Willa Holt Wakefield, with her piano songs, is the greatest favorite, although just at first the audience does not quite know how to take her. There is something missing in Miss Wakefield's appearance—a little too much make-up and a little less of gentleness than she used to have. But the charm of her southern drawl and her luminous smile, and the way she has with her still endure, and although her songs are just a little naughty now and then, she does them so graciously that they seem not amiss. Only, it is too bad, that she perpetrates the near-

tragedy of the last verse of her "Million-Dollar Smile" song, which is so entertaining in the first verse. She should keep to the light or the sweetly sentimental type of song, which she does so beautifully. Leo Carrillo is a great local favorite. Mr. Carrillo has a number of new jokes—or old jokes rehashed so that they seem new, and he

of "ye banks and braes" sings some of the old Scotch melodies; although he makes a mistake in choosing the more doleful ones, when the audience would like to hear the old household ditties. If Eddie Leonard would be faithful to his dancing and his peculiar singing, and forget his patter and his sloppy sentiment, his act would be better. The national board of censorship should forbid vaudeville performers perpetrating sloppy platitudes or maudlin recitations on a long suffering public. There is a line in the Murphy-Nichols act to the effect that many a "rotten" vaudeville turn has been saved by hauling on the American flag. Is it necessary to state that a huge flag and a miniature brass band playing popular patriotic airs are dragged in for the curtain of their act? And even then it isn't saved. The Gorman ani-

I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." And of this the singer reminds him. The original company and production which surrounded Miss Crosman in Manhattan will come here, including Frank Gilmore, Margaret Randolph, Sheridan Block, Homer Granville, Edward Lee, Laura McGilvray, Katherine Presbrey, Paul Doucet and Florence Fontayne.

Beginning Sunday afternoon, March 8, Oliver Morosco will present for the first time on any stage, his newest and latest venture in the musical comedy line, "Rita's Romance," with Selma Paley in the role of Rita. "Rita's Romance" is a three-act musical comedy full of humorous situations and many melodies, from the pen of Leo Dietrichstein and Benjamin Hapgood Burt, with the music by Silvio Hein. There are three acts, and the setting is Krynhalden, a small watering place in the Duchy of Saxenhausen. Oliver Morosco has spared no expense for costumes, scenery and stage settings. The gowns for the chorus have cost him a small fortune, and the wardrobes for the principals will give the city a sartorial treat. Selma Paley will have the role of Rita Baird, and if the show is a success she will sing that part when the comedy is given a New York production. The leading roles will be handled by Forrest Stanley as Carlton Baird and Arthur Burckley as Prince Alfred Erwin. Grace Travers, who has been ill for several weeks, will return to the Burbank in this new show, and will have a part that will display her talents as a comedienne as well as her singing abilities.

Sunday afternoon the Morosco Theater will continue its engagement of William Rock and Maude Fulton, with their seventy singing and dancing comedians in the music, fun and girl show, "The Candy Shop." The return engagement of this brisk show is welcome news to many local theatergoers who were unable to secure seats when it was last played here. In the new edition of "The Candy Shop" everything is new except the cast—new songs, new specialties and new travesties being presented for the first time. The stage settings are also new. All of William Rock and Maude Fulton's songs and dances are newly developed, and proved a surprise to their most ardent admirers, these premier dancers being noted for their cleverness and originality. William Rock has personally conducted the rehearsals for the new edition.

At the Majestic there will be a week of moving pictures, beginning Sunday matinee, March 8, when "Traffic in Souls" will be presented. This is an arraignment of the vice-trust. It shows the landing of the government ferry boats from Ellis Island, where the immigrants are investigated, and then depicts the conditions that confront the immigrant. When "Traffic in Souls" was first put on, it was at Weber's Theater in New York, which had almost been forgotten by the Manhattan theatergoer. Disclosed there, without any preliminary advertising, within three days police reserves were necessary to afford passageway for pedestrians, so great were the crowds. It will be at the Majestic all week, with matinees and evening performances every day.

Jean Gerard, the great 'cellist, will be in Los Angeles for one recital only, at the Auditorium the evening of March 16. This is not the date that was originally announced. Mr. Gerard will have as his assistants Gabriel Ysaye, the gifted son of Eugene Ysaye, and Carl Bruchhausen, pianist-accompanist.

Gertrude Barnes will top the Orpheum bill for the week beginning Monday matinee, March 9. Miss Barnes generally known as "that wonderful girl," has an act which she calls "The



MARY GARDEN, IN GRAND OPERA, AT AUDITORIUM

tells them well. His delineation of a Chinaman is especially clever. The crook play and the grafting policeman play is still with us. A dramatization of a recent story by Will Irwin is entitled "The Double Cross." It was a better story than it is a playlet, but it is far more interesting than most vaudeville sketches, and much better played. The house enjoys it hugely. Dr. Carl Herman does amazing things with electricity, taking a tremendous voltage, and doing such pleasant little stunts as lighting paper with his finger, or his bald spot, or his nose—pretty little parlor tricks, these. He has a flow of conversation almost as brilliant as his electricity, and so smooth that one can feel the oil on the wheels. His company provides the house with opportunities for the derisive laughter which human nature enjoys. J. Burlington Rigg, clad in the plaid and kilts

mals are well trained, but animal acts are becoming more and more of a bore. Advanced vaudeville has outgrown them.

Offerings For Next Week

Henrietta Crosman in "The Tongues of Men" will be the attraction at the Mason Opera House for the week beginning Monday evening, March 9. Henrietta Crosman is always a success. Her plays have been good and bad in the past, but in "The Tongues of Men" she is said to have the best play of many seasons. New York papers were warm in their praise of Miss Crosman in her new play. The story of "Tongues of Men" concerns the meeting of a minister and a famous grand opera singer. The minister condemns the opera and the singer from his pulpit, but in his tirade the minister forgets the saying of Saint Paul, "Though

Trials of a New York Showgirl" in which she depicts the fads, foibles, ways and actions of this spoiled creature of New York's exotic theatrical life. Anna Lehr, formerly a "movie" star, has reversed the usual order by stepping from that field into vaudeville. She has a strong play, "Little California" depicting scenes here in the old cattle days, when the clash of the Spanish and the "gringos" was a big element in the life of sleepy ranchers and padres. Demarest and Chabot, French musicians, singers and dancers, prove their versatility by doing classic violin and 'cello playing and attacking the more modern music with voice and feet. Maxine brothers, with their intelligent canine, Bobby, are well known here. The holdovers include Eddie Leonard and Mabel Russell, Willa Holt Wakefield, Dr. Carl Herman and Coleman's cats, dogs, and birds.

Miller's Theater at the junction of Spring, Ninth and Main streets is offering for the entire week beginning Monday, "Judith of Bethulia," based on the Book of Judith in the Apocrypha, and on the poem and tragedy from the same source, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is a free rendition, in which the siege of Bethulia by Holofernes and the storming of the city of Bethulia by the Jews and their final conquering of the immense Assyrian army of Nebuchadnezzar through the artful cunning of the Jewess, Judith, makes an intensely dramatic photo play.

Coming of Grand Opera

"Barbaric Chicago" may be the center of crass commercialism, but there is at least one department of art in which she is without a rival, and that is in her grand opera, which in three years has been put on a self-supporting scale. When the Chicago company opens at the Auditorium next Tuesday night, it will place before the public an equipment worth more than a million dollars. Seventeen car-loads of costumes, scenery, scenic effects, electrical appliances, properties of historic value, and beautiful costumes are part of the equipment. Cleofonte Campanini, general manager of the organization, and the principal conductor, came over several years ago to be the general director of the Hammerstein Manhattan Opera House, and at that time was termed the maker of orchestras because of his power of organizing and directing musicians. Giuseppe Sturani, one of the Italian directors, is a composer, as well as an authority on musical subjects. Marcel Charlier, who directs many of the French operas, came over with Campanini, while Arnold Winternitz, the German conductor, is a Viennese of unusual musical ability.

As to the singers, the organization is heading by Mary Garden, who is known as the Bernhardt of opera, and whose triumphs in modern operas surpass any other artist, her greatest successes being "Thais," "Melisande," "Salome," "Louise," "Marguerite," and "Jean." In the latter role in Massenet's famous lyric play, "The Juggler of Notre Dame," she finds her favorite part. It was in "Louise," which she will sing Friday night, that in one night she sprang into world-wide prominence at the Opera Comique in Paris. Titta Ruffo, the world's greatest baritone, who has attained triumphs in more than fifty operas and has been a success in nearly all of the countries of the universe, will be heard Tuesday night in "Rigoletto" and Saturday afternoon as Tonio in "Pagliacci." Julia Claussen, the contralto, is a Swede. She sings with equal facility such widely different roles as Delila, Brunnhilde, Kundry, and has made a tremendous success this season as Ortrude in "Lohengrin," which she will sing Saturday night with Otto Marak as Lohengrin, who will also be heard Thursday night as Parsifal. Minnie Saltzman - Stevens will sing "Kundry," that being her only appearance. Clarence Whitehill

will be Amfortas; Henry Scott, Titorelli; Allen Hinckley, Gurnemanz; and Hector Dufranne, Klingsor. This production is said to be a magnificent one. The opera begins at four-thirty in the afternoon, a pause coming at six the second act beginning at eight o'clock, and the opera closing about eleven.

Production by the Chicago company is from the original scores at Bayreuth and the scenery and costumes are duplicates of those designed by Wagner himself. In presenting "Rigoletto," the Chicago company includes Florence Macbeth, an American singer new to this section, who has had a great success in Philadelphia, Chicago and London. She will also sing Amina in "La Sonnambula" at the Saturday matinee. Margaret Keyes, Louise Berat, Mabel Riegelman and Minnie Egner are all favorites. Carolina White, one of the handsomest American singers has the part of Malibella in "The Jewels of the Madonna" which is to be sung at the Wednesday matinee with Louise Berat Amadeo Bassi, and Giovanni Polese. In "The Juggler of Notre Dame," Wednesday evening, Hector Dufranne will appear as Boniface, and in his support will be Gustave Huberdeau, Edmond Warney, Henri Scott, Constantin Nicolay and Armand Crabbe. In "Louise," Friday evening, Dufranne will appear as the father, Louise Berat as the mother, and Leon Campagnola as Julien. Jane Osborn-Hanna will be heard as Nedda in "Pagliacci," which is one of her greatest parts. The ballet is a notable one, and will be a great feature following "The Juggler of Notre Dame" Wednesday evening, with Rosina Galli as premier danseuse etoile. The great chorus is a potent factor, and the orchestra is composed of solo musicians.

Prof. Clark to Read Mackaye's Play
Percy Mackaye's delightful oriental fantasy, "A Thousand Years Ago," which is now running successfully in New York, will be read next Monday evening, March 9, by Prof. S. H. Clark of the University of Chicago. The reading will take place at the Friday Morning Club House at 8:15 o'clock, under the auspices of the Los Angeles center of the Drama League of America. Mr. Clark's ability as a reader is sufficient assurance that this new play, which is reported to be the best Mr. Mackaye has ever done, will be given a competent rendition.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., February 27, 1914.

016132. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Agnes Ottelia Kolstad, of 720 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on August 7, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 016132, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 23, N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: F. M. Kincaid, Edward Campbell, Bessie O. Thew, all of Los Angeles, California; Charles Decker, of Cornell, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., February 26, 1914.

05467. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Patrick Lee, of Calabasas, California, who, on Feb. 16, 1909, made Homestead Entry, No. 05467, for W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 28, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 13th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: John Fooshee, Elmer Stephenson, A. T. Morrison, Anton Weber, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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March 11 March 12
Fri. Eve., "LOUISE" Sat. Eve., "LOHENGREN"
March 13 March 14
Sat. Mat., March 14, "La Sonnambula" and "Pagliacci"

With Mary Garden, Titta Ruffo, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Jane Osborn-Hanna, Maggie Teyte, Carolina White, Julia Claussen, Florence Macbeth, Hector Dufranne, Henri Scott, Allen Hinckley, Clarence Whitehill, Charles Dalmore, Leon Campagnola, Otto Marak, Ruby Heyl, Constantine Nicolay, Aristodemo Giorgini, Cleofonte Campanini, Conductor.

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Books

There is a satirical flavor and a rather cynical humor to A. R. Goring-Thomas' latest book, "The Strong Heart." Although it answers the description of "a popular novel," this new book is far above that type of American story. There is a skill of character drawing that is psychologic, not merely clever. Mr. Goring Thomas' people say the things that are in keeping with their natures—each character is as well sustained as though it were developed separately. There is a confusing construction of the book that is rather artistic. The author takes two separate groups of people, devoting alternate chapters to them until the moment when they are merged—which is not until almost at the close of the story. It is like reading a serial story in a magazine—one has to turn back and find out what predicament was involving the fair heroine or the stately grande dame at the end of the last chapter, so that a sustained interest is hardly possible. There is much in the book that American people cannot appreciate, since it deals with phases of life that exist only in Britannia. The plot has no great originality, but the people are humorously entertaining. ("The Strong Heart." By A. R. Goring-Thomas. John Lane Company.)

"The Wine-Press"

Critics have already begun to tell us that Mr. Alfred Noyes' "Wine-Press" is disappointing in that it fails to come up to the fine standard of the "Mermaid Tavern Tales." Further, the critics tell us that the "Wine-Press" is mechanically imperfect! Which one of them, however, has told us that Mr. Noyes' poem of the Balkan war is Truth itself, naked and unashamed to face the fury of the panderers? And more; the poem is a departure for the English poet. He has cast aside the eagle plume and plucked a quill from the broad wing of the Avenger himself. He has flung his song into the faces of his countrymen, daring all that he has built thus far for the sake of a cause—and for this many will deem him old-fashioned. God bless the old-fashioned folk then.

It is to be regretted that some of our critics are not more old-fashioned. Because: the "Wine-Press" is greater than the immediate demand for such a poem. It deals with war in no high-sounding and proud cadences. It is terrible in its nakedness and yet it will, as the poet has told us, "Thin in the clubs to a little smoke between one joke and another joke." But, fortunately, the clubs do not represent the increasing majority of eager and earnest seekers after the truth and the poem will come as a revelation to the hearts of the people, and the people will not forget. Art for art's sake is a bone that the critics have gnawed so long that it no longer satisfies. Art for work's sake contains more nourishment and art for truth's sake is better still. Shall we then first call attention to the fact that this war-poem is rugged in technical handling to the point of unpleasantry? Can we consistently believe that the poet's hand wrought carelessly? Rather, shall we not say that his deliberate departure from the pleasing grace of his earlier lyrics reflects a whole-souled and fearless attitude doubly commendable for its daring and its unquestionable fitness to the theme?

Mr. Noyes may rejoice that the critics bay him, not alone because of power he has evoked to call down their loud invective but also because

of the factor of human perverseness which tends to seek an inner satisfaction in loyalty to that which is condemned. To revert to old-fashioned themes again:—In lecturing in the east recently, Mr. Noyes said that all work that shall endure must be founded on the first four words of the Book of Genesis; "In the beginning God . . ." That is worth thought, even today. And Mr. Noyes believes in himself. In the ghastly climax to the war-poem there is pictured the young soldier-peasant's wife and child, murdered in the dooryard of their cottage. The husband, returning in the night finds them;

The child, the child that lay on her knees—
Devil nor man may name
The things that Europe must not print,
But only whisper and chuckle and hint,
Lest the soul of Europe rise in thunder
And swords melt in the flame.

She bore the stigmata of sins
That devil nor man may tell;
For O, good taste, good taste, good taste,
Constrains and serves us well;
And the censored truth that dies on earth
Is the crown of the lords of hell.
Above them, in an apple-tree, a blind
peasant-poet has been crucified:
And the blind man that was crucified
Spake softly to the dead;

"Conquered, we shall conquer
They have not hurt the soul.
For there is another Captain
Whose legions round us roll,
Battling across the wastes of Death
Till all be healed and whole."

("The Wine-Press." Alfred Noyes.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

"Miss Billy—Married"

Take an Apollo who has strayed to earth and in addition to all the physical gifts which the gods have given him, bestow upon him all the talents; and a fascinating damsel who is a jewelry shop beauty with pearly teeth and turquoise eyes, with the addition of a garden-and-dairy complexion of strawberries and cream; stir in a large tablespoon of romance, a large measure of sentimentality, with a little dash of misunderstanding; flavor with a little of the "all-lived-happy-ever-after" essence, and you have nine out of ten of the popular novels. Eleanor Porter's latest "Billy" book, "Miss Billy—Married" follows all these rules with religious observance, and except for the difference in names and settings and an occasional gleaming of originality, it might be one of a dozen similar stories. If the scribes of Plato's times complained that the populace read only for amusement, what would the poor fellows do nowadays? And what could the public get out of such books as "Miss Billy—Married" except amusement? It makes no greater pretenses. ("Miss Billy—Married." By Eleanor H. Porter. L. C. Page & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Sunset: the Pacific Monthly, for March continues E. Alexander Powell's interesting series "Autobirds of Passage," in which he gets off the beaten trail of the tourist. Rufus Steele writes of "The Golden Gate Romance," Zenas Black considers the status of Southwestern Texas in "Southwesterly by the Lone Star," Robert Newton Lynch continues his immigration papers, A. Stirling Calder writes of the "Sculpture at the Exposition" and A. D. Cloud explains "The Language of the Lights." Fiction includes William R. Lighton's "The Man Who Won," "William Hamilton Osborne's "The Boudoir Scene," George Pattullo's "Five Dollars Fine," Peter B. Kyne's "Shipmates" and Kenneth Harris' "A Trip and a Transfer."

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Now that the movies are occupying so prominent a place in our amusement field, Richard Harding Davis' article, "Breaking Into the Movies," which opens Scribner's for March, will hold especial interest. It tells of the reproduction of Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune" in Cuba, under the direction of Augustus Thomas. An interesting article on "Sardis and the American Excavations" is by Henry Crosby Butler, and Mary King Waddington goes on with her series on "My First Years as a Frenchwoman," which G. E. Woodberry writes of "Toucourt." Amanda Mathews, of local fame, has a short story of Ireland, "Cormac O'Brien, Piper," and Mary Synon has a red-blooded tale that might have been written by a man, "The Bravest Son." Other stories are "Experience," by Gordon Hall Gerould; "The Fete of M'sieur Bob," by Mary R. S. Andrews and "The Stuff that Dreams are Made On," by Gerald Chittenden.

Notes From Bookland

Among the books from G. P. Putnam's Sons is a novel with the piquant title, "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust." It was written by Mr. Humfrey Jordan, pleasantly remembered as the author of "The Joyous Wayfarer" and "Patchwork Comedy." "Carmen," says the publisher's announcement, "has smouldering in the depths of her dark eyes much Southern fire, though her heart holds, in addition to its warmth, not a little feminine guile." An alluring description, surely. "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust" is an agreeable bit of color in a group of which the other members are Barbara Spofford Morgan's "The Backward Child: a Study of the Psychology and Treatment of Backwardness; a Practical Manual for Teachers and Students," and "Antiquities of India," by Lionel D. Barnett, M. A., Litt. D.

Two of four new Harper books are novels. James Hopper's "Coming Back with the Spitball" seems, from its title, to be sure of a welcome. The hero is a champion baseball pitcher, who wears away his speed by too luxurious living. While he is playing in a "bush league" he discovers—or invents—the curve called the "spitter" and, of course, regains his glory. "Our Mr. Wrenn"—the title, as well as the theme, suggests

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H. G. Wells—is by Sinclair Lewis. The hero, a clerk in a New York business house, through a small unexpected legacy, is able to realize his dreams of travel. From the moment he starts out as a helper on a cattle steamer he becomes more self-assertive, but after he lands in England he is oppressed by loneliness and is pathetically conscious of his ignorance. Then he falls in with an American girl artist, and together they have a romantic gipsy trip through the country. He returns home and "discovers" New York, takes up his old job with new enthusiasm, and is welcomed by a set of kindly, simple people, among whom is a girl very different from the artist.

Yale University Press has now in preparation a book by the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of the university. It is entitled "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men; a Biographical Study of Student Life During the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The author has selected the biographies of the seventy-eight Yale men no longer living who seem to him to have made the most important contributions to American life. Autograph letters of all the graduates memorialized have been printed from the originals in the author's collection, and the book is fur-

ther enriched by twenty photogravures and reproductions of the signatures in facsimile.

Houghton Mifflin Company announce that the following books, originally scheduled for publication Feb. 28, have been postponed until early in March: "Our Friend, John Burroughs," by Dr. Clara Barrus; "The Japanese Empire," by T. Philip Terry; Poems of Walter Conrad Arensberg; "The Passing of Empire," by H. Fielding-Hall; "The First Step," by Eliza Orne White; "Paul Verlaine," by Wilfred Thorley; "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N.: His Life and Letters," by Carroll Storrs Alden; "Lost Diaries," by Maurice Baring, and "In the High Hills," a volume of short poems by Maxwell Struthers Burt.

"Nationality and Home Rule" is published by Longmans, Green & Co. Of it a London paper says: "Mr. Balfour has once more demonstrated his supreme gift for analyzing a complex political situation. His pamphlet provides at once the most lucid exposition and the most damaging refutation of the home rule claims that have yet been given."

Marcus B. Huish's "Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries," published by Longmans, Green & Co., has gone into a second edition. There are twenty-four reproductions in color and seventy-seven other illustrations in monochrome. The first edition of this work, which has been out of print for some time, met with considerable success among lovers of art needlework. This edition contains reproductions of beautiful examples of needlework samplers from England and America, dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century.

Last week the Macmillan Company published Gordon Gardiner's novel "The Renaissance." This is the first book of Mr. Gardiner's to be published in America. It is the life story of a man who is both cowardly and brave, who wins the Victoria Cross, and yet is frequently placed in embarrassing situations by his cowardice.

"The Flight and Other Poems," the new collection of George Edward Woodberry's verse recently published by the Macmillan Company, is a volume of considerable importance. Mr. Woodberry's position in American letters is not unlike that held by James Russell Lowell, and the publication of a collection of his poems is an event.

"Notes of a Son and Brother," by Henry James, a continuation of the account begun in "A Small Boy and Others" of the life he and his brother William led as boys in Switzerland and Geneva, Newport and Cambridge, is to be published this month. There they knew such men as John LaFarge, Hunt, Professor Norton, Professor Childs and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was a particularly close friend of Henry James, Sr. The volume is illustrated with drawings made by William James when he was studying to be a painter.

Five plays by Leonard Andreyoff—"The Life of Man," "Caterina Ivanovna," "Savva" and "The Black Maskers"—have been translated into English by F. N. Scott and C. L. Meader. The publication of these plays, which have made Andreyoff famous not only in Russia but throughout Europe, is to come sometime in April.

Among the spring novels announced by the Century Company for publication are "Idle Wives," by James Oppenheim, a title which explains much, and "Dodo's Daughter," a sequel to "Dodo," the novel with which E. F. Benson startled the '90s.

An important new Scribner book is "Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions," by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D., professor of Semitic languages in the University of Pennsylvania. It represents an attempt to trace the relationship between the Hebrews and Babylonians,

and is based on the Haskell lectures of 1913, delivered at Oberlin college. The author, whose secondary purpose is to show what the causes were that led to those entirely different issues in the cases of the two peoples, says in his preface: "I feel that there is room and need for a work like this one, devoted primarily to pointing out the difference between Babylonian myths, beliefs, and practices, and the final form assumed by corresponding Hebrew traditions, despite the circumstance that these traditions are to be traced back to the same source which gave rise to the Babylonian traditions as we find them in the literature of Babylonia and of the offshoot of Babylonia—Assyria.

Five new novels from the John Lane Company include A. R. Goring Thomas' "The Strong Heart," Walter Bloem's "The Iron Year," A. Neil Lyon's "Simple Simon," H. H. Munro's "When William Came," and T. F. Randall's "Somebody's Luggage." This last book may be a play instead of a novel—the publisher's announcement calls it a "farce," and nowadays this name frequently is given to a humorous novel. "Simple Simon" is the first novel of A. Neil Lyon, whose "Cottage Pie" gained for him a year or two ago an enviable reputation.

A new book of practical value from the Harvard University Press is T. S. Pray's "City Planning." Mr. Pray is chairman of the School of Architecture of Harvard University. His book is a comprehensive analysis of the subject.

John Lane Company has just published seven interesting books, Count Paul Vassali's "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" contains, it is said, surprising revelations of recent events. Lawrence Binyon's "Auguries" is a volume of verse by a poet who has not yet the audience he deserves in America. In England he is known as one who scrupulously respects the best traditions of English poetry, but gives his work the charm which inheres in new ideas strikingly presented.

New publications of Harper & Brothers are Dr. Elwood Worcester's "Religion and Life" and Bishop Ethelbert Talbot's "A Bishop Among His Flock." Dr. Worcester deals with the social aspects of religion, with the problems presented to Christianity by the tendencies of contemporary society.

Of special interest is a new Doran book, Philip Nelson's "Ancient Painted Glass in England." This is a history of the ancient art of painting glass, designed to serve as a guide to visitors to the cathedrals of England and the continent.

Arthur Ruhl has written a commentary on the "people and the ideas of the theater today," which is to be published under the title "Second Nights." Mr. Ruhl will be remembered as the admirable reporter who took the manners and method of the Sun to Collier's Weekly, where he wrote equally well of a prize fight or a play in which Miss Barrymore appeared.

Fleming H. Revell Company is reissuing in its International Leaders' Library Alfred Ederheim's "In the Days of Christ." These sketches of ancient Jewish social life are vivid and apparently authentic. The same author contributes "The Temple and Its Ministry," a historical work thoroughly readable.

Frederick A. Stokes Company have published Harold Bindloss' "The Intriguers." The scene is the Northwest, and the plot is said to be "an exciting double story"—whatever that may be.

A. S. Barnes Company is adding to the already large bibliography of the dance Emil Ruth's "Aesthetic Dancing." The author believes that there will be a reaction against the tango and similar gymnastic exercises, and in this book he describes simpler and more refined dances.

List 5-1800-2057. RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 55 acres, within the Angeles & Santa Barbara National Forests, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat. 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on May 14, 1914. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 14, 1914, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N¹/₂ SW¹/₄ SW¹/₄ SW¹/₄ Sec. 7, T. 1 N., R. 9 W., S. B. M., 5 acres, application of Mrs. Mary Shook, Azusa, California; List 5-1800. The NE¹/₄ SE¹/₄, the SE¹/₄ NW¹/₄ SE¹/₄ Sec. 13, T. 6 N., R. 18 W., 50 acres, application of F. D. Maxwell, Roosevelt, California; List 5-2057. JOHN McFAUL. Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

February 11, 1914.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. Jan. 22, 1914.

019563

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Louisa J. Lee, whose post-office address is Glendale, Cal., did, on the 28th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019563, to purchase the SW¹/₄ of NW¹/₄ and Lot 2, Section 34, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$126.50, the stone estimated at \$50.60 and the land \$75.90; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 8th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 22, 1914.

019216

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Birdie Emma Meyer, whose post-office address is Ocean Park, Cal., did, on the 27th day of June, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019216, to purchase the NW¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., San Bernardino Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 3, 1914.

018476

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles H. Mepham, whose post-office address is 306 E. Washington St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 15th day of April, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018476, to purchase the SE¹/₄ SE¹/₄, Sec. 7, N¹/₂ NE¹/₄, NE¹/₄ NW¹/₄, Section 18, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said application will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 17th day of March, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

NOTICE
In the Superior Court for the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

No. B. 9639. Complaint to Restore Lost Certificates of Stock.

FLORENCE HUNKINS, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. DUNCAN, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

To whom it may concern:

This is to notify you there is now pending in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, the above entitled action, wherein Florence Hunkins, the duly appointed acting and qualified administratrix for the estate of John A. Duncan, deceased, is plaintiff and Los Angeles Investment Company, a corporation, is defendant. This action is brought to require the defendant to issue to this plaintiff new or duplicate certificates of lost or destroyed stock issued by the defendant to John A. Duncan, and now standing on the books of this defendant in said John A. Duncan's name. Said original certificates were numbered and called for the shares of stock as follows:

Certificate Number 9823, calling for 125 shares.
Certificate Number 18378, calling for 5 shares.
Certificate Number 17518, calling for 100 shares.
Certificate Number 17514, calling for 20 shares.
Certificate Number 20090, calling for 5 shares.

Certificate Number 41522, calling for 106 shares.
All persons claiming said shares or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, are hereby notified to be and appear before the said Court in Department No. 10 in the City of Los Angeles, County and State aforesaid, on the 6th day of April, 1914, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause why new or duplicate certificates of stock should not be issued to the said administratrix, and to set forth their rights in or claim to such shares.

Dated March 3, 1914.
(Seal) H. J. LELAND, Clerk.
By E. G. RIGGINS, Deputy Clerk.
SAVAGE & HAMLIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE
In the Superior Court for the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

No. B. 9563. Complaint to Restore Lost Certificates of Stock.

FLORENCE HUNKINS, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. DUNCAN, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. HOME MAKERS, a Corporation, Defendant.

To whom it may concern:

This is to notify you there is now pending in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, the above entitled action, wherein Florence Hunkins, the duly appointed acting and qualified administratrix for the estate of John A. Duncan, deceased, is plaintiff and Home Makers, a corporation, is defendant.

This action is brought to require the defendant to issue to this plaintiff new or duplicate certificates of lost or destroyed stock issued by the defendant to John A. Duncan, and now standing on the books of this defendant in said John A. Duncan's name. Said original certificates were numbered and called for the shares of stock as follows:

Certificate Number 829, calling for 150 shares.
Certificate Number 830, calling for 250 shares.

Certificate Number 831, calling for 250 shares.
Certificate Number 832, calling for 250 shares.

Certificate Number 8669, calling for 3000 shares.
Certificate Number 8670, calling for 2650 shares.

Certificate Number 11430, calling for 200 shares.
Certificate Number 9093, calling for 100 shares.

All persons claiming said shares or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, are hereby notified to be and appear before the said Court in Department No. 10 in the City of Los Angeles, County and State aforesaid, on the 6th day of April, 1914, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause why new or duplicate certificates of stock should not be issued to the said administratrix, and to set forth their rights in or claim to such shares.

Dated March 3, 1914.
(Seal) H. J. LELAND, Clerk.
By E. G. RIGGINS, Deputy Clerk.
SAVAGE & HAMLIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Stocks & Bonds

Expectations in stock market circles concerning the report of the financial condition of the Los Angeles Investment company, evidently ascended too high last week. The stock has passed the greater part of this week coming down, and has now settled about where it was before the advance. The report was a satisfactory one, but did not warrant the sudden anticipatory ascent, especially in view of the unsettled conditions surrounding the Baldwin deal.

Aside from the market's leading industrial, nothing of particular importance has developed except the levying of an assessment of $\frac{3}{4}$ cent a share by National Pacific Oil Company. This was brought about by the unsatisfactory situation in regard to the disposing of the company's production, on account of the government withdrawal suits. The stock has been weak.

Union has declined a little, and in fact the market as a whole has been shading slightly the greater part of the week. Association Oil Company has declined its regular semi-annual dividend of \$1.50 a share, payable April 15 to stock of record April 1. In certain quarters it was believed that the rate of the declaration would be higher, but the belief does not appear to have been general, as the stock has only shown a little easiness. Maricopa Northern, which lately had a spell of strength, has again weakened.

Bank issues are dull and bonds show little activity. Consolidated Mines attracts occasional interest.

The financial situation has revealed no notable change, but there continues a slow improvement, which if it persists, will probably be visible in its effects a month or so hence.

Banks and Bankers

Washington advises that a new counterfeit \$10 note has made its appearance, the secret service having so announced. The note is of the series of 1901 and the number of the specimen is "D46792035." The secret service says, that while the note is of fairly good appearance, it should not deceive the ordinary careful handler of money. It is a photo-mechanical reproduction on two pieces of paper, pasted together, and the silk fiber of the genuine note is imitated by pen and ink marks.

Requested by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo for an interpretation of the Montana laws relating to banking, Attorney General Kelly of that state has given an opinion that certain Montana banks are barred from entering the new federal reserve system. The attorney general holds that state banks of deposit and discount cannot buy stock and become members of the federal reserve system because of the provision of the statutes that prohibits them from buying or owning stock in any other corporation. Trust companies, he holds, can become members of the federal system.

In Budapest the managers of a savings bank evolved the idea three years ago of taking their bank to the people who did not come to the bank with their savings of their own accord. A slot machine was made for the receipt of small coins, and the innovation proved so popular that the service has

been largely extended. The machines are arranged for the receipt of two coins, the crown, equivalent to 20 cents, and the 20-filler piece, equal to 4 cents in our currency. They return a ticket for each coin deposited, according to a consular report, and these tickets bear interest from the date of their issuance. The rate paid varies with the currency bank rate and ranges from 3 to 4 per cent a year. A bank book may be obtained at the main office of the bank for 110 tickets.

Imperial Valley will have a new bank if Calipatria is granted a charter for its first National Bank by the comptroller of currency. The capital stock is \$25,000.

Bond and Stock Briefs

February brought the smallest total of stock trading for that month in seventeen years. There are fewer trading days in February than in any other month, which makes the contrast with a very creditable total registered in January all the more striking. With two holidays and four Sundays there were but twenty-two days last month on which the New York stock exchange was open, and the average daily sales were under 285,000 shares. The month's total was 6,232,000, comparing with 10,106,000 for January. The average daily sales in January, with four Sundays and one holiday, were 388,600. Compared to the corresponding month of last year, February's total was smaller by 408,567 shares. A better showing was made in bonds: the total of \$69,418,000 revealed an increase of \$21,667,000 over the previous February.

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad has been authorized by the Public Utilities Commission of New Jersey to issue \$70,000,000 refunding and improvement 4½ per cent bonds, for the purpose of taking up outstanding notes for \$69,662,000 which mature during 1914. It was also ordered that the proceedings be continued, in order that the railroad management may show the uses made of the money obtained under these note issues, and that the commission may, if it deems it necessary, revise the schedule of notes to be redeemed by the bond issue authorized in today's order. The New York Public Service Commission has already approved this issue.

There will be a convention of the supervisors of thirty-seven counties south of San Francisco to meet in this city March 14, to consider the purchase of \$2,000,000 of state highway bonds. Should the counties buy these bonds it will mean an expense of only about \$75,000, as they will be taken by a bonding house at about four per cent lower than the par value, this arrangement having been made by automobile club officials. Because of the low percent on the par value, the bonds have not been an attractive investment, and there are about \$13,000,000 unsold. If the highway is to be completed by 1915 these bonds must be disposed of.

Azusa has voted \$55,000 for the extension of the light and water plant.

Pending completion of arrangements for its proposed new \$300,000,000 general mortgage, the Erie Railroad has sold to J. P. Morgan & Co. \$13,500,000 of three-year 5½ per cent notes. These

LOANS!

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 23, 1914.

013524 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Elmer M. Smashey, of 1222 8th St., Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 6th, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 013524, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 17, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 19, NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., San Bernardino Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 12th day of March, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock A. M.

Claimant names as witnesses: George Francis, of Los Angeles, Cal.; C. L. Weiss, Charles Lawrence, Andrew Humphrey, all of Santa Monica, Cal.; J. Fred Vaughn, of Cornell, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

will provide for \$12,500,000 three-year 6 per cent notes falling due on April 8, and miscellaneous bank loans.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 22, 1914.

019601 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Robert E. Wirsching, whose post-office address is 539 Britannia St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 31st day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019601, to purchase the Lot 1, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 30, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by application, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$399.48, the stone estimated at \$199.74 and the land \$199.74; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 22, 1914.

019550 Non-Coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charlotte Estelle Tompkins whose post-office address is 735 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 28th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019550, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by application, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00 and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 18, 1914.

012650 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob E. Hoffman of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on March 29, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 012650, for Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, Sec. 23, Lots 1, 2, 3, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 6th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock A. M.

Claimant names as witnesses: William Houston, Jean Fitzpatrick, Mark Wienerman, Jacob Richter, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHERBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and
Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
R. S. HEATON, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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WEST COAST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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Bullock's 7th Inauguration

The Store

—In its dress of Springtime and Inauguration Month—bids you welcome—

—Among the very special features that it wishes to call directly to your attention are the following floors and sections which are notable developments of the past year—refurnished and furbished—they mark a new height of efficiency in service that has much to do with bringing Bullock's still closer to its ideal—

—The New Tea Room is Los Angeles' most delightful Luncheon Rendezvous—It is superbly located on the new 8th floor.

—The New Third Floor—with its splendid new rooms for gowns, cloaks, suits, millinery, waists, lingerie and corsets has been called the most handsomely equipped floor of its kind in the west—

—The New Second Floor—with the Rest Rooms, art needlework, linen, cotton, silk and woolen sections is as unusual as the third—

—The New Shoe Store, the new Book, Kodak, Jewelry, Silverware and Stationery Sections are other important improvements.

—The New Auto Supply Section is located conveniently on the 1st floor for the benefit of autoists—

—On every hand is evidence that Bullock's is growing and that this 7th Inauguration Month will be a very important month for Bullock customers.

“Seven Years!

—“It does not seem possible that what you have done could be done in such a short period of time”—

—If, on March 4, 1907, the first business day of Bullock's, any man had predicted that on March 4, 1914, the stature of this business would have approached that which it has attained—it is fair to presume that his words would not have been given much serious consideration—

—March 4, 1907, found Bullock's two blocks beyond the limit of the active business center—a 7 story building, of 145x140 feet, housing a business dedicated to the service of its customers, and devoted to their interests.

—March 4, 1914, found Bullock's in the midst of one of the most active business centers of the world—a 7-story building, of 145x140 feet—plus a 10-story building of 145x70 feet—a structure providing 75% more floor space than that contained in the original building—all dedicated to the service of its customers and devoted to their interests—

—March 4, 1907, found many doubting that the new business could live—let alone succeed—

—March 4, 1914, found the antithesis of March 4, 1907—instead of doubt, there is the certainty that may well be cause for wonder at the growth of A CITY AND A STORE.

—Los Angeles has grown and Bullock's has grown, each with the other—each surpassing precedent and setting new records toward which others may strive.

—On beginning the New Year—the Eighth of the store's existence—Bullock's takes the opportunity of reaffirming its belief in the rightness of the ideas that have constantly and consistently directed its activities.

—Born not to copy, but to create—

—to be a business intense in its individuality—
—a business different and determined—a business with an ideal, Perfection; and a creed, Perfectibility.

—Bullock's has always considered first and foremost the interests of its customers—and has put before all else, the securing of their satisfaction—and Bullock's will continue according to the certain standards and along the definite lines as they have been established.

